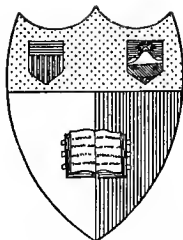




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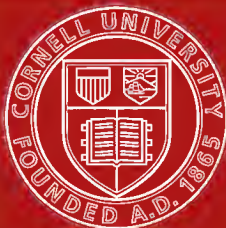
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LOUES LABORS LOST

by

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
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CORRECTIONS

p. vi. 'a striking scene like that chronicled earlier by Holinshed,'
for *earlier by Holinshed*, read *later by Stow*. See

Stow's *Annales*, ed, 1605, p. 1281-2.

The 9. of Aprill, being good friday, in the afternoone, the lord maior
and aldermen of London being in Powles church yard,
¹⁵⁹⁶ and ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers} pressed hearing the sermon at Paules crosse, were sodainelie
and discharged. called from thence, and foorthwith by a precept from her
maiestie and counsell, pressed 1000 men, which was done by 8. of the
clocke the same night; and before the next morning they were purveied
of all maner of furniture for the wars, readie to haue gone towardes
Dover, and so to the aide of the French in Caleis against the Spaniardes;
but in the afternoone of the same Saturday they were all discharged:
Souldiers pressed notwithstanding on the 11. of Aprill, being Easter daie,
on Easter Day about tenne of the clocke before noone, came a newe
[while in church] charge, so that all men being in their parish Churches
readie to haue receiued the Communion, the aldermen, their deputies,
constables, and other officers, were faine to close up the Church doores,
till they had pressed so manie men to be souldiers, that by twelue of the
clocke, they had in the whole Citie 1000 men; and those, forthwith
Souldiers sent to furnished of armour, weapons and all things necessarie,
Douer to haue were for the most part that night, and the rest on the
him transported next morning, sent awaie towardes Douer, as the like
ouer to Calais. out of other partes of the Realme: but about a weeke
after they returned back againe, for the French had took Caleis.

The reader should try to realise how closely these French expeditions
were woven into London life.

For a contemporary account of the war in France, see Antony Colynet's "True History of the Civill Warres of France, betweene the French King, Henry the IV, and the Leaguers, gathered from the yere of our Lord, 1585, untill this present October, 1591." London, 1591.

Loues Labor's lost.

FOREWORDS.

THE metrical evidence settles at once that this is Shakspeare's first complete play. It "has twice as many rymed lines as blank-verse ones (1 to 58); it has only one run-on line in 18.14, and only 9 extra-syllable blank-verse lines; it has, in the dialogue, a sonnet (I. i. 80-93) besides those recited, and seven 6-line stanzas,¹ and in Act IV. sc. iii. lines 220-287, p. 43-5, no less than 17 consecutive 4-line verses of alternate rymes, besides many other such verses singly and successively. It has much 1-line (short and long) antithetic talk, 194 doggrel lines of different measures, and only one Alexandrine (6-measure, with a pause at the 3rd); it has hardly any plot; it is cram-full of word-play, quip, conceit, and chaff, without a bit of pathos till the end²"; it belongs to the first or Mistaken-Identity group of plays; it is formal in structure, and ill-balanced in act-contents, the first Act being half as long again, the fourth twice as long, the fifth three times as long, as the second and third Acts,³—this last peculiarity arising from Shakspeare's revision of the play, and additions to it,⁴ when

¹ IV. i. 28-33, IV. iii. 214-19, V. ii. 410-415, 579-584, I. i. 74-79, *ab, ab, cc*; two successively I. i. 147-152, 153-158.

² See my Introduction to the Leopold Shakspeare, p. xxii-iii.

³ Spedding.

⁴ Mr. Spedding says: "In the first Act I suspect Biron's remonstrance against the vow to be an insertion. In the fourth, nearly the whole of the close, from Biron's burst, 'Who sees the heavenly Rosaline?' IV. iii. 219. In the fifth, the whole of the first scene between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel bears traces, to me, of the maturer hand, and may have been inserted bodily. The whole close of the fifth Act, from the entrance of Mercade (V. ii. 698) has been probably rewritten, and may bear the same relation to the original copy which Rosaline's speech, 'Oft haue I heard of you, my Lord Berowne' (V. ii. 817-847), bears to

Loues Labor's lost.

it was acted before Q. Elizabeth at Christmas 1597, and published in 1598: its first version must have been written in or soon after 1589. (I don't think 'the Plague' V. ii. 421 is that of 1592.)

In this year, 1589, says Stow (*Annals*, 1605, p. 1264), "About the 21st of September, the citizens of London furnished a thousand men to be sent over into France, to the aiding of Henry, late king of Navar, then challenging the crown of France, as rightfull inheritor by lawfull succession.¹ Also diuers shires in England sent into France to the same aide,—some shires a thousand, as Kent and other shires, and some shires lesse, &c. All which companies were sent over into France, vnder the conduction of Peregrine Bartie, lord Willoughby and Eresby."²

Elizabeth having no standing army, these thousand Londoners had to be prest in the different wards for service, and Shakspeare and many of his playgoers may well have been present at a striking scene like that chronicled earlier by Holinshed,³ when in the midst of divine service the press-gang of officials and soldiers enterd, lockt the doors, and demanded their quota of men for the war. In the little London of the day, a foreign expedition and the pressing of citizens for it

the original speech of six lines (798–803, p. 80 n.) which has been allowed by mistake to stand. There are also a few lines (1–3) at the opening of the fourth Act which I have no doubt were introduced in the corrected copy:

Princesse. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard
Against the steepe vp-rising of the hill?

Farr. I know not; but I thinke it was not he.

It was thus that Shakspeare learnt to *shade off* his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage."

¹ Henry III. had been assassinated.

² They were '6000 lustie souldiers,' and sent because King Henry 'thus distressed, sent speedily post to the Q. of England, as to his best and surest friend, for Ayde.'—*Annales*, 1615, p. 757, col. 2. But Crowe, *Hist. France*, iii. 259, makes them 4000. For Lord Essex's like expedition in 1591, see Stow, p. 1266 (1605) and p. 761/2 (1615). It consisted 'of 4000 foote men and some number of Horsemen and pioners.'

³ I've lost the reference, tho I formerly copied the passage out for both Tennyson and Browning, in the vain hope that each of them would write a poem on it. See note on the eighth page of titling—facing "Forewords."

Forewords.

came close to the notice of the inhabitants, while their then strong Protestant sympathies were keenly excited by the sufferings of their fellow-religionists in France, and the gallant fight of the Protestant Henry of Navarre for his right, the throne of France.¹

It was therefore certain that when the country-bred Shakspeare resolv'd to begin his career as a comedian with a bright open-air play on the topics of the day, Henry of Navarre and his officers would be leading characters in it. Other subjects were near at hand. Under a virgin queen the relation of woman and man was an unfailing subject of interest; Academies for young men were also proposed—see my edition of 'Queene Elizabethes Achademy' for the Early English Text Society,—and, as a countryman, Shakspeare would delight in quizzing the wits and faddists of the city, and showing them the utter worthlessness of their smart talk and quips when set beside the realities of life (see Rosalin's words in V. ii. 817-45, p. 77).

In the play, then, King Ferdinand represents Henri IV. of Navarre; Berowne, Marshal de Biron, under whom the English contingent of 1589 generally served; Longavill, the Duke de Longueville, an officer in Henry's army; while Dumaine, the Duke de Mayenne, was Henry's chief opponent, and did not submit to him till 1595 or 1596;² and the boy Moth may be called after the French ambassador, La Mothe, or La Motte.³ Armado,⁴ whom Shakspeare calls 'a Phantasime, a Monarcho,' is the well-known 'Phantastical Monarcho,' whose epitaph Churchyard wrote in 1580. The embassy of Katherin and her ladies is founded on an actual meeting between the French Queen-mother, Catherine de Medici, and her most beautiful ladies, and Henri IV at San Bris in 1586 to settle matters in dispute; and the visit of Ferdinand and his nobles 'appariled like Muscovites or

¹ In 1593 he turned Roman Catholic to secure his kingdom, as he thought Paris worth a Mass.

² Crowe, *Hist. France*, iii. 318 (1863).

³ See Mr. Sidney Lee's Papers in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1878, and the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1887, part I. p. 6.

⁴ This Braggart's name may well have reminded Londoners of the Spanish boast about what their *Armada* would do to England in 1588.

Loues Labor's lost.

Russians' (V. ii. 120-1) is got from the Czar's mission to Q. Elizabeth in 1583, when, in the gardens of York House, the Russian ambassador courted Lady Mary Hastings¹ in a ridiculously extravagant way, as the future Czaritsa. Holofernes may or may not be a quiz of Florio who englished Montaigne's *Essays*,—he is to be compared with Rombus in Sir Philip Sidney's *Lady of May*, written in 1578,—and Rosalin may reflect the dark lady of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*. The making Berowne wait a year for her may be imitated from Chaucer's *Parlament of Foules*.

The pledging of Aquitaine for two 'hundred thousand Crownes' of which King Ferdinand speaks in II. i. 130—148, may have been suggested by a passage in Monstrellet's *French Chronicle*, ch. xvii (Johnes's translation of 1807, i. 54; Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, i. 3) saying that, for the Duchy of Nemours, and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns, Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France, the Castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and all his other lordships in France.

As to the specialties of speech in the play, Dr. Landmann showd in the New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions* for 1882, p. 241—276, that the King and his nobles speak Petrarchism; Armado, Gongorism, the inflated verbiage, hyperbole and bombast borrowed from the Spanish Gongora; Holofernes and Nathaniel, Latin-English or Soraismus; while Costard makes a mess of the Puritan jargon; and alliteration is used by all.

In this first play of Shakspeare's are to be noted 1. his sound philosophy of life, 2. his conviction that Love is the great changer and redeemer of men, and that Women are their teachers, 3. his bringing Nature and the country² on to the London boards, and mixing tragedy (the death of the Princess's father) with his comedy, 4. his contempt for mere word cleverness and wit, 5. his disgust at women painting

¹ The Czar first wanted Q. Elizabeth. Then he substituted Lady Mary, and she ultimately refused him. See the extracts from Horsey on p. xi.

² With three boys' games, 'more sacks to the mill,' and hide and seek, 'all hid,' IV. iii. and 'push-pin.'

Forewords.

their faces and wearing sham hair,¹ 6. his mastery of effective situations (in the successive exposures of the King and his nobles in IV. iii.), 7. his getting fun out of mistaken identity and miscald words, so often repeated in later plays, 8. his letting quips and conceits now and then run away with him, 9. his occasional obscurity—

King. The éxtreme partes of time, extreamly formes
All causes to the purpose of his speede ;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long processe could not arbitrate.—V. ii. 721-4.

10. the freedom with which he treats even contemporary history, for he makes Henry's rival and chief foe, the Duc de Mayenne, his friend, just as if a modern playwright had made De Wet or Botha one of Lord Roberts's intimates during the Boer war, 11. the signs of youth and inexperience, in the want of a real plot, a strongly-marked leading character, and clear-cutting of the secondary ones like Dumaine and Longavill, Maria and Katharin ; in the overdoing, to tiresomeness, of the squibs and crackers of speech ; in the want of dignity in the King and nobles, who behave like overgrown schoolboys when teaching Moth his speech in V. ii. 107-118, just as Hermia and Helena quarrel like common schoolgirls in the *Dream* (III. ii. 281-343), &c., &c. 12. The play did for the Woman Question in Q. Elizabeth's day, what Tennyson's *Princess* did for it in Queen Victoria's.

The stage time of the play is two days, a Thursday and Friday, as the Princess goes back to France on Saturday (iv. i. 6).

We shall see Berowne and Rosalin develop in Benedick and Beatris in *Much Ado* ; Armado's love for Jaquenetta reproduced in Touchstone's for Audrey in *As You Like It* ; Dull in Old Gobbo in the *Merchant* ; Verges in *Much Ado*, &c., &c. Holofernes's proposal to 'play three' of the Worthies himself, besides his own part (V. i. 150) prepares us

¹ Face-painting : *Two Gent.*, II. i. 55-8 ; *Meas. for Meas.*, III. ii. 80, IV. ii. 38 ; *Hamlet*, V. i. 201 ; *Ant. and Cleop.*, I. ii. 18 ; *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 101. Sham hair : *Merchant*, III. ii. 92-6 ; *Henry V.*, III. vii. 60 ; *Sonnets*, lx. 3-8.

Loues Labor's lost.

for Bottom's desire to play Pyramus, a tyrant, Thisbie, and 'the Lyon too' (*Dreame*, I. ii. 26-71). We shall also see the subplay within the original play reappear in the *Dream* and *Hamlet*.

Loues Labor's lost was first published in quarto in 1598, and as its text is earlier, if not better¹ than that of the First Folio of 1623, which was printed from it, but divided into Acts, it has been taken as the basis of the present edition, but the first sketches of Berowne's fine speech in IV. iii. p. 45, 46, and of Rosalin's wise and admirable lecture to Berowne in V. ii. p. 76, have been shifted to the foot-notes. When every critic admits that the Quarto and Folio have both made a mess of the two speeches, it is an editor's duty to clear the mess up, and put the early and poorer stuff into his notes.

The modern reader is reminded that central *u* often stands for *v*, and initial *v* for *u*; that *I* sometimes represents *Ay*, as *then* does *than*, and *whither*, *whether*; and that initial *i* is sometimes used for *j*.

Loues Labor's lost was mentioned by both Robert Tofte² and Francis Meres in 1598.³ Jaggard put two of its pieces⁴ into his piratical *Passionate Pilgrim* of 1599; its line IV. iii. 379,

. . . Reuels, Daunes, Maskes, and merrie houres,

was quoted in *Englands Parnassus*, 1600,⁵ and its song, "On a day, alacke the day!" IV. iii. 101-120, in *Englands Helicon* (collected by John Bodenham), 1600.⁶ Sir Walter Cope tells us in 1604, that Burbage

¹ See my Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of the First Quarto, p. iii, iv, comparing the chief differences of the two prints.

² 'The Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover,' sign. G 5 (*Allusion Books*, Part I. New Sh. Soc. p. 184; *Centurie of Praise*, p. 15).

³ 'Palladis Tamia' 281,—*Centurie*, p. 21.

⁴ Longavill's Sonnet to Maria, "Did not the heavenly Rethorique of thine eye," IV. iii. 57-70, and Berowne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 103-116, "If Loue make me forsworne," &c.

⁵ *Centurie*, p. 432.

⁶ *Centurie*, p. 438.

Forewords.

"sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene [James I.'s Anne of Denmark] hath not seene, but they have Reuyved an olde one Cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt & mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthampton . . ."—*Centurie*, p. 62.

it was one of the "Bookes red be me [Drummond of Hawthornden] anno 1606."—*Centurie*, p. 71; and Dr. Grosart, in his 1872 edition of Robt. Southwell's Poems, contended that some lines of that writer on Christ's eyes, ab. 1594 A.D., were suggested by Berowne's speech on women's eyes in *L. L. lost*, IV. iii.: see the *Centurie*, p. 14.

The Czar; mission to Q. Elizabeth; and Lady Mary Hastings.

This Emperor . . . was verie inquisitive with one Elizious Bomelius . . . Doctor of phizicke in England, a rare mathematician 'magicion,' and of others, what years Quen Elizabeth was of; what likely of success *ther* might be, if he should be a shuter unto her for himself.¹ And though he was much dishartned . . . for that he had two wiffes livinge . . . yet he would give the assaye, and presently puts that Emperis, his last wiff, into a nunrie, to live ther as dead to the world.—*Horsey's Travels* (Hakluyt Soc.), 173-4.

p. 195-6 [1583] "Now was the Emperowr more earnest to send into England about this longe conceated match and marriage then ever: adressed one Feather Pissenopscoia, a noble, grave, wise and trustie gentilman, to conferr and desier of the Quen, the Lady Marye Hastings, daughter to that noble Henry lord Hastings, errell of Huntington, whome he hærd was her kyndswoman, and of the bloud royall, as he termed it; and that yt would please her Majesty to send som noble ambassador to treat with him aboute it. His ambassador went forward; toke shippinge at St. Nicholas; arrived in England; magnificently received; had audience of the

¹ 'It is believed that Anthony Jenkinson was, in the year 1567, intrusted by Ivan with secret orders to negotiate a marriage with Queen Elizabeth. See Hamel, p. 179 *et seq.*'—E. A. Bond.

Loues Labor's lost.

Quen; delivered his letters comendatory. Her Majesty caused that lady to be atended one, with divers great ladies and maieds of honnor, and yonge noblemen, the number of each appointed, to be seen by the said ambassador in Yorcke Howse garden. She put one a staetly countenance accord- inglie. The ambassador, atended with divers other noblemen and others, was brought before her Ladyship; cast down his countenance: fell prostrate to her feett, rise, ranne backe from her, his face still towards her, she and the rest admiringe at his manner. Said by an interpritor 'yt did suffice him to behold the angell he hoped should be his masters espouse'; commended her angelicall countenance, state, and admirable bewty. She after was called by her famillier frends in court the Emperis of Muscovia." (Ivan soon after died.)

The two hundred thousand Crowns.

Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris, to wait on the King. He negotiated so successfully with the King and Privy Council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castlewicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the King the castle of Cherburgh, the County of Evreux, and all the lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claims or profits in them to the King and to his successors, on condition that, with the Duchy of Nemours, the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of the King our Lord.—*The Chronicles of Enguerraud de Monstrelet*, &c., translated by Thomas Johnes, Esquire, 8vo. 1810, vol. i. p. 108.

This quotation is from the *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, by Joseph Hunter, 1845, i. 256, who first pointed out the passage. He notes, on p. 257, that the King of Navarre, to whom the King of France undertook to pay the two hundred thousand crowns, died in 1425, so that Shakspeare brought the Princess downwards above two hundred years to get her into his play. Time is a trifle to dramatists. Who bothers about it in the theatre?

[now added]

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS,¹ IN THE ORDER OF THEIR ONCOMING.

(The References are generally to the 1st Speech of each Actor in each of his Scenes.
When he doesn't speak, * is put.)

FERDINAND, *King of Navar*, I.i.1, p. 5; II.i.90, p. 20; IV.iii.21, p. 41; V.ii.184, p. 61; V.ii.310, p. 65.

His Nobles:

LONGAULL (*a tall young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Maria*), I.i.24, p. 5; II.i.195, p. 23; IV.iii.43, p. 41; V.ii.243, 604, p. 63, 74.

DUMAINE (*a young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Katherin*), I.i.28, p. 6; II.i.192, p. 23; IV.iii.81, p. 42; V.ii.238, 390, 587, 798, p. 63, 68, 80.

BEROWNE (*an older Noble of Navar, the Lover of Rosalin*), I.i.33, p. 6; II.i.113, p. 20; III.i.127, p. 29; IV.iii.1, p. 40; V.ii.162, 315, 813, p. 60, 65, 81.

A Constable, **ANTHONY DULL**, I.i.179, p. 10; I.ii.109, p. 15; IV.ii.11, p. 35; V.i.127, p. 55.

COSTARD *the Clown*, I.i.187, p. 10; I.ii.129, p. 16; III.i.62, p. 27; IV.i.42, p. 32; IV.ii.78, p. 38; IV.iii.188, p. 46; V.i.33, p. 53; V.ii.485, 656, p. 70, 76; as **POMPEY**, V.ii.541, p. 72.

ARMADO, *the Braggart (in love with Jaquenetta)*, I.ii.1, p. 13; III.i.1, p. 25; V.i.27, p. 53; V.ii.519, p. 72; V.ii.855, p. 82; as **HECTOR**, V.ii.633, p. 75.

MOTH,² *his Boy, or Page*, I.ii.3, p. 13; III.i.2, p. 25; V.i.31, p. 53; *with a speech*,³ V.ii.158, p. 60; as **HERCULES**, V.ii.579-585,* p. 74; V.ii.683, p. 77.

JAQUENETTA, *a Wench, or Maiden*, I.ii.115, p. 16; IV.ii.75, p. 38; IV.iii.187, p. 46.

The PRINCESSE OF FRAUNCE, (*called the Queens*⁴ in II.i.13, p. 17; IV.i.1, p. 30; V.ii.1, p. 56, &c., Q & F) II.i.13, p. 17; IV.i.1, p. 30; V.ii.1, p. 56; 231, p. 63; 340, p. 66.

Her Suite:

Lord BOYET, II.i.1, p. 17; IV.i.36, p. 31; V.ii.80, p. 58.

Three (or Two) Lords, of whom one only speaks twice, II.i.39, p. 18; II.i.80, p. 19; IV.i.1,* p. 30.

1st Lady, **MARIA**, II.i.40, p. 18; IV.i.115, p. 34; V.ii.53, 239, 809, p. 57, 63, 80

¹ This line of heading is from F, at the end of *The Merry Wives, Measure for Measure*, &c. The References to speeches are given for takerspart in Readings.

² That **MOTH** = mote (in the eye), see IV.iii.161. Some very small boy in Shakspeare's company must have playd the part: see V.i.34, 54, p. 53; 110, p. 55, &c.

³ This cannot mean that Moth brings a written Speech in his hand, for he has learnt and rehearst his Speech before (see p. 58-9, l. 98, 110), and he makes severall mistakes in delivering it (see p. 60); the words must mean that he comes in to speak the Prolog.

⁴ She was not 'Queene' till the death of her Father, at the end of Act V, p. 77.

The Names of all the Actors.

2nd Lady, **KATHERIN**, II.i.56, p. 19; IV.i.* (see note to l. 208), p. 30; V.ii.12, 242, 800, p. 56, 63, 80.

3rd Lady, **ROSALIN**,¹ II.i.64, p. 19; IV.i.106, p. 34; V.ii.5, 175, 364, 817, p. 56, 67, 81.

A Forrester, IV.i.3, p. 30.

A Messenger, Mounseur **MARODE**, V.ii.698, p. 77.

HOLOFERNES the Pedant, IV.ii.3, p. 35; V.i.1, p. 52; with an Appologie, &c., as **TUDAS**, V. ii. 879, p. 74.

WATHANIEL the Curate, IV.ii.1, p. 35; V.i.2, p. 52; as **ALEXANDER**, V.ii.556, p. 73.

Black-moores with muselche, V.ii.157-8,* p. 60.

VER, the Spring, V.ii.869, p. 82.

HIEMS, Winter, V.ii.877, p. 83.

The Scene thru-out is in the *King of Nauars* Park, partly near his Palace, partly near the *French Princesses* tent, and partly elsewhere.

The Stage time of the Play is 2 days; probably a Thursday and Friday, if the F "On Saturday," IV.i.6, p. 31, is right. If Q's "Ore" (before) is right, the 2 days are earlier in the week.

¹ Sometimes ROSALINE, ryming with 'mine', IV.i.53-4, 102-3, p. 32, 33; V.ii.441-2, p. 69; and 'thine', IV.iii.218-19, p. 47; V.ii.232-3, p. 59.

NOTICE.

In the Text, black type (**Clarendon** or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the First *Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the First *Quarto*, 1598, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the First *Folio* of 1623. F₂, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the e is printed ë.

A
PLEASANT

Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors loft.

As it vvas presented before her Highnes
this last Christmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakespere.

Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cutbert Burby*
1598.

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]

[The whole Play is in the King of Nauars Parke.]

Actus Primus. § Scena Prima.

Enter, FERDINAND, King of Nauar, BEROVVNE, LONGAUILL,
and DUMAINE.

Ferdinand.

LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant deuouring Time, 4
Thendenour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heires of all eternitie.
Therefore, braue Conquerours, (for so you are, 8
That warre agaynst your owne affectiōns,
And the hudge armie of the worldes desires,)
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
Nauar shall be the wonder of the worlde, 12
Our Court shalbe a lyttle Achademe,
Still and contéplatyue in lyuing art.
You three, *Beroune, Dumaine, and Longauill,*
Haue sworne, for three yeeres tearme, to liue with me, 16
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this sedule here.
Your othes are past; and now subscribe your names,
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe, 20
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are armd to do, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it too. 23
Longauill. I am resolued! tis but a three* yeeres fast :
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine. [Signs.
Fat paunches haue leane pates; and daynty bits
Make rich the ribbes, but bankerout† quite the wits. 27

§ *Actus Primus*] F. Q om.
23. *too*] to Q, F.

| *24. *three*] F. thee Q.
†27. *bankerout*] F. banerout Q.

A pleafant conceited Comedie :

Dumaine. My louing Lord! *Dumaine* is mortefied 28
 The groffer manner of thefe worldes delights,
 He throwes vpon the groffe worlds bafer flaues.
 To loue, to wealth, to pompe*, I pine and die; [*Signs*] 31
 With all thefe [*points to FER., B., L.*] lyuing in Philofophie.
Beroune. I can but fay their proteftation ouer:
 So much, deare Liedge, I haue already fworne,
 That is, to lyue and ftudy heere three yeeres.
 But there are other ftrickt obferuances: 36
 As, not to fee a woman in that terme,
 (Which I hope well is not enrollèd there;)
 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode,
 And but one meale on euery day befide, 40
 (The which I hope is not enrollèd there.)
 And then to fleepe but three houres in the nyght, 42
 And not be feene to wincke of all the day,—
 When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
 And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day,— 45
 (Which I hope well is not enrollèd there.)
 O! thefe are barraine tafkes; too hard to keepe!
 Not to fee Ladyes, ftudy, faft, not fleepe! 48
Ferd. Your othe is pafte, to paffe away from thefe.
Berow. Let me fay 'No,' my liedge, and yf you pleafe. 50
 I onely fwore to ftudy with your Grace,
 And ftay heere in your Court, for three yeeres fpace. 52
Louiga. You fwore to that, *Beroune*, and to the reft.
Bero. By yea and nay, fir, than I fwore in iefte. 54
 What is the ende of ftudy? let me know.
Ferd. Why, that to know, which elfe we fhould not know.
Ber. Things hid & hard† (you meane) from common†
Ferd. I, that is ftudies god-like recompence. 58 [*fenfe*.
Bero. Com on then! I will fwear to ftudy fo,
 To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60
 As thus: to ftudy where I well may dine, 61
 When I to feaft, expreffely am forbid;
 Or ftudie where to meete fome Miftris fine,
 When Miftreffes from common fenfe are hid. 64

*31. *pompè*] F. pome Q. | cammon Q.
 †57. *hard*; *common*] F. hard; | 62. *feast*] Theobald. faft Q, F.
 I. i. 28-64.] 2

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Or, hauing ſworne too hard a keeping oth,
 Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth. 66
 If ſtudies gaine be thus, and this be fo,
 Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know :
 Sweare me to this ; and I will nere ſay 'no.' 69
Ferd. Theſe be the ſtopps that hinder ſtudie quite*, 70
 And traine our intelects to vaine delight. [*quite F. quit Q.]
Bero. Why! all delightes are vaine ; but that moſt vaine,
 Which, with payne purchaf'd, doth inherite payne; 73
 As, paynefully to poare vpon a Booke, 74
 To feeke the lyght of Trueth, while Trueth the whyle
 Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his looke :
 Light ſeeking light, doth light of light beguyle : 77
 So, ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
 Your light growes darke, by looſing of your eyes. 79
 Studie me how to pleaſe the eye in deede, 80
 By fixing it vpon a fayrer eye,
 Who, dazling fo, that eye ſhalbe his heed,
 And giue him light, that it was blinded by. 83
 Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne, 84
 That will not be deepe-ſearcht with ſawcie lookes :
 Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
 Saue baſe auuthoritie, from others Bookes. 87
 Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights, 88
 That giue a name to euery fixèd Starre,
 Haue no more profite of their ſhyning nights,
 Then thoſe that walke, and wot not what they are. 91
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame ;
 And euery Godfather can giue a name. 93
Ferd. How well hees read, to reaſon againſt reading !
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding! 95
Lon. He weedes the corne, & ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare, when greene geeſe are a breed-
Duma. How followes that? [ing. 97
Ber. Fit in his place and tyme.
Duma. In reaſon. nothing.
Bero. Something then in rime. 99
Ferd. *Beroune* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt, 100
 That bites the firſt-borne infants of the Spring.
Bero. Well, ſay I am! why ſhould proude Sommer boaſt,

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Before the Birdes haue any caufe to fmg? 103
 Why fhould I ioy in any abhortiue byrth?
 At Chriftnas, I no more defire a Rofe,
 Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled fhoves;
 But like of each thing that in feafon growes. 107
 So you, to ftudie now it is too late,
 Clymbe ore the houfe, to vnlocke the little gate. 109
Ferd. Well, fit you out! go home, *Beroune!* adue!
Bero. No, my good Lord! I haue fworne to ftay with
 And though I haue for barbarifme fpoke more, [you.
 Then for that Angell knowledge you can fay, 113
 Yet, confident, Ile keepe what I haue fworne,
 And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day. 115
 Giue me the paper! let me reade the fame!
 And to the ftrict'ft decrees Ile write my name. 117
Ferd. How well this yeelding refewes thee from fhame!
Ber. [*reads*] '*Item, That no woman fhall come within a*
myle of my Court.' Hath this bin proclaymed? 120
Long. Foure dayes ago. [*her tung.*
Ber. Lets fee the penaltie: [*Reads*] '*On payne of loofing*
 Who denif'd this penaltie? 123
Long. Marrie, that did I.
Bero. Sweete Lord, and why? 125
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
Ber. A dangerous law againft gentiletie!* [*Reads*] 127
 '*Item, Yf any man be feene to talke with a woman within*
the tearme of three yeeres, he fhall indure fuch publique Shame
as the refl of the Court can poffibly† deuife.' 130
 This Article, my liedge, your felfe muft breake, 131
 For, well you know, here comes in Embaffaie
 The French kinges daughter, with your felfe to fpeake,
 (A Maide of grace and cômplet maieftie,) 134
 About furrender vp of *Aquitaine* 135
 To her decrepit, ficke, and bedred Father.
 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
 Or vainely comes th' admired Princeffe hither. 138

106. *shoves*] Q, F. *mirth* (to
 ryme with *byrth*) S. Walker conj.
 117. *strict'ft*] strictest Q, F.

*127. *gentilitie*] F. *gentiletie* Q.
 †130. *possibly*] F. *possible* Q.
 131. *This*] Q, F have *Ber.* before it.

called Loues Labor's lost.

<i>Ferd.</i> What say you, Lordes? why, this was quite forgot!	
<i>Ber.</i> So Studie euermore is ouerhot :	140
While it doth studie to haue what it would,	
It doth forget to do the thing it should;	142
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,	
This won, as townes with fire: so won, so lost.	144
<i>Fer.</i> We must of force dispenche with this Decree;	
Shee must lie heere, on meere necessitie.	146
<i>Ber.</i> 'Necessitie' will make vs all forsworne	147
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space;	
For euery man with his affectes is borne,	
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.	150
If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,	
I am forsworne on meere 'necessitie.'	152
So to the Lawes at large I write my name;	[Signs.
And he that breakes them in the least degree,	
Standes in attainder of eternall shame.	
Suggestions are to other, as to me:	156
But I beleeeue, although I feeme so loth,	
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.	158
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?	
<i>Ferd.</i> I, that there is. Our Court, you know, is haunted	
With a refinèd trauailer of <i>Spaine</i> ;	
A man, in all the worldes new fashions planted,	
That hath a mint of phraes in his braine:	163
One * who the musique of his owne vaine tongue	164
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:	
A man of complements, whom right and wrong	
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie.	167
This childe of Fancie, that <i>Armado</i> hight,	168
For interim to our studies, shall relate,	
In high-borne wordes, the worth of many a Knight	
From tawnie <i>Spaine</i> , lost in the worldes debate.	171
How you delight, my Lords, I know not, I,	
But (I protest) I loue to heare him lie,	
And I will vie him for my Minstrelsie.	174
<i>Bero.</i> <i>Armado</i> is a most illustrious wight,	
A man of fier-new wordes, Fashions owne knight.	176

*164. One] F. On [= one] Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Lon. *Costard* the swaine, and he, shalbe our sport ;
And so to studie three yeeres, is but short. 178

*Enter a Constable, ANTHONY DULL, with a letter, and with
COSTARD the Clowne.*

Constab. Which is the Dukes owne person ?

Ber. This, fellow ! What would'st ? 180

Const. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his
graces *Farborough*¹ : But I would see his owne person in
flesh and blood. 183

Ber. This is he !

Const. Signeour *Arme, Arme*, commendes you : Ther's vil-
lanie abroad ! this letter will tell you more. 186

Clowne. Sir, the Contempts* thereof are as touching me.

Fer. A letter from the magnifiscent *Armado* ! [words.

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen : God grant vs patience !

Ber. To heare ? or forbear hearing ? 191

Lon. To heare meekely, fir, and to laugh moderatly ; or
to forbear both.

Bero. Well, fir ! be it as the file shall giue vs cause to
clime, in the merrines. 195

Clow. The matter is to me, fir, as concerning *Iaquenetta* :
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what 'manner' ? 198

Clow. In manner and forme following, fir : all those three :
I was seene with her in the Manner-houfe, sitting with her
vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke :
which, put together, is in manner and forme following.
Now, fir, for the 'manner' . It is the manner of a man to
speake to a woman. For the 'forme' : in some forme.

Ber. For the 'following,' fir. [the right !

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend

Ferd. Will you heare this Letter with attention ? 207

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle. [flesh.

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man, to harken after the

178-9. *with . . . Costard*] with | ough F. (Cp. Gobbo's *phillhorse* for
Costard with a letter Q. F. | *th . . .*.)
¹ 182. *Farborough*] Q. Tharbor- | *137. *Contempts*] F. Contempls Q.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Ferd. [reads] *G*reat Deputie, the *Welkins** *Vizgerent*, and
sole dominatur of *Naur*! my *soules earthes*
God, and *bodies fostring patrone*! 212

(*Coft*. Not a worde of *Coftard* yet.)

Ferd. [reads] *So it is . . .*

(*Coft*. It may be fo: but if he fay it is fo, he is, in telling
true, but fo. 216

Ferd. Peace!

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight!

Ferd. No wordes!

Clow. Of other mens secrets, I beseech you.) 220

Ferd. [reads] *So it is, befedged with fable-coloured melan-
cholie, I did commende the blacke oppressing humour, to the
most holsome phisicke of thy health-geuing ayre; And, as I am
a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When?
about the sixt houre, When Beastes most grafe, Birdes best
peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called
'Supper': So much for the time When. Now for the ground
Which? which, I meane, I walkt vpon: it is ycliped Thy
Park. Then, for the place Where? where, I meane, I did [229
incounter that obseene & most propostrous euent, that draweth
from my snowhite pen the ebon-coloured Incke, which here thou
viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But, to the place Where?
It standeth North North-east & by East, from the West corner
of thy curious knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited
Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (*Cloune*. Mee!) that
vnlettered smal-knowing soule, (*Clow*. Mee!) that shallow
vassall (*Clown*. Still mee!) which as I remember, hight *Coftard*,
(*Clow*. O, mee!) sorted and consorted, contrary to thy estab-
lished proclaymed *Edict*, and continent *Cannon*: Which with,—
O I with,—but with this I passion to say wherewith: 240*

(*Clo*. With a *Wench*.)

Ferd. [reads] *With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a
female; or, for thy more sweete vnderstanding, a Woman.
Him, I (as my euer-esteemed duetie prickes me on,) haue sent to
thee, to receiue the meede of punishment, by thy sweete Graces
Officer,† Anthonie Dull, a man of good reput, carriage,
bearing, and estimation. 247*

*210. *Welkins*] F. welkis Q.

†246 *Officer*] F. Gfficer Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

(*Antho.* Me, ant shall please you ! I am *Anthony Dull* !) 248
Ferd. [*reads*] For *Iaquenetta*, (*So is the weaker vessel called,*)
which I apprehended with the aforefayd Swayne, I keepe hir as
a vessel of thy Lawves furie, and shall, at the least of thy
fwete notice, bring hir to tryall. Thine, in all complements of
deuoted and hartburning heate of duetie. 253

Don Adriano de Armado.

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that
 euer I heard. [this ?]

Fer. I, the best, for the worst*. But, *firra* ! What say you to

Clo. Sir, I confesse the Wench. 258

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation ? [marking of it.

Clo. I do confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprifonment, to be taken
 with a Wench. 262

Clo. I was taken with none, fir ; I was taken with a Demfel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaymed 'Damsel.' 264

Clo. This was no Damsel neither, fir ; she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried too ; for it was proclaymed 'Virgin.'

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie : I was taken with a

Fer. This 'Maide' will not serue your turne, fir. [Maide.

Clo.† This 'Maide' will serue my turne, fir. 269

Fer. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence : You shall fast a
 weeke, with Branne and Water.

Clo. I had rather pray a month, with Mutton & Porridge.

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper. 273

¶My Lord *Beroune*, see him deliuered ore !

¶And goe we, Lordes, to put in practise, that 275

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

[*Exeunt King FERD., LONGAULL, & DUMAINE.*

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,

These othes and lawes will prone an idle scorne. 278

[*To Clo.*] Surra, Come on !

Clo. I suffer for the trueth, fir : for true it is, I was taken with
Iaquenetta, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle ; and therefore, wel-
 come the sower Cup of prosperitie ! Affliccion‡ may one day
 smile againe ; and till then, sit thee downe, forrow ! [*Exeunt.* 283

*251. *worst*] F. worst Q.

266. *too*] to Q, F.

†269. *Clo.*] F. Col. Q.

I. i. 248-283.]

‡282. *prosperitie* ! *Affliccion*
 prosperitie, affliction F. prosperie,
 affliction Q.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Enter ARMADO, and MOTH his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirite growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe, fir, that he will looke fadd. 3

Ar. Why? sadnes is one & the ſelfe ſame thing, deare imp.

Boy. No, no! O, Lord, fir, no! 5

Arm. How canſt thou part ſadnes and melancholy, my tender Iuuenall? 7

Boy. By a familier demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneor.

Arma. Why 'tough ſigneor'? Why 'tough ſigneor'? 10

Boy. Why 'tender iuuenall'? Why 'tender iuuenall'?

Arma. I ſpoke it, 'tender iuuenal', as a congruent apethaton appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate 'tender'. 14

Boy. And I, 'tough ſigneor', as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name 'tough'.

Arma. Prettie and apt. 17

Boy. How meane you, fir? I 'prettie', and my ſaying 'apt' or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Arma. Thou 'prettie', becauſe little. 20

Boy. Little prettie, becauſe little: wherefore 'apt'?

Arma. And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe, Maiſter?

Arma. In thy condigne praiſe. 24

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Arma. What? that an Eele is ingenious?

Boy. That an Eele is quicke. [my blood.

Arma. I do ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heatſt

Boy. I am anſwerd, fir. 29

Arma. I loue not to be croft. [not him.

Boy. [*Aside*] He ſpeakes the meer contrarie; croſſes loue

Ar. I haue promiſed to ſtudie three yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre, fir. 33

Arma. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arma. I am ill at reckning; it fitteth the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamſter, fir. 37

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Arma. I confesse both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse fumme of deuf-ace amountes to. 41

Arm. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call 'three'.

Arma. True. 44

Boy. Why, fir, is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is 'three' studied, ere ye le thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put 'yeeres' to the worde 'three', and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you. 48

Arm. A most fine Figure!

Boy. [*aside*] To proue you a Cypher. 50

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue, so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ranfome him to anie French Courtier for a new-deuisde curse. I thinke scorne to figh; mee thinks I should outfweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee, Boy! What great men haue bin in loue? 58

Boy. *Hercules*, Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules*! more authoritie, deare Boy, name more; and, sweete my childe, let them be men of good repute and carriage! 62

Boy. *Sampson*, Maister: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue. 65

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*! strong ioynted *Sampson*! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue, my deare *Moth*? 69

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion? [the foure.

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion. 73

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene, fir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read, fir; and the best of them, too. 76

Arm. Greene, in deede, is the colour of Louers; hut to

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit. 79

Boy. It was so, fir; for she had a greene wit.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most maculate thoughts, Maister, are markt vnder such colours. 83

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant!

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue, assist me!

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child! most pretty & pathological!

Boy. *Yf she be made of white and red,* 87

Her faultes will nere be knowne:

For blushing cheekes by faultes are bred, [blush-in. Q, F.]

And feares by pale white showne: 90

Then if she feare, or be to blame, 91

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which, natuie, she doth owe. 94

A dangerous rime, Maister, against the reason of white and red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet, Boy, of 'the King & the Begger'?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some three ages since; but I thinke now tis not to be found: or, if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mightie presedent. Boy, I do loue that Countrye girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hinde *Costard*: she deserues well. [maister.

Boy. [aside] To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my

Ar. Sing, Boy! My spirit growes heauie in lone.

Boy. [aside] And thats great maruaile, louing a light

Ar. I say, sing! [Wench.

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past. 108

Enter Clowne (*COSTARD*), Constable (*DULL*), and Wench
(*or Maide IAQUENETTA*).

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is, that you keepe *Costard* safe; and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three dayes a weeke. For this Damfell, I must keepe her at the Parke: she is alowde for the Day-woman.* Fare you well! 113

*113. *Day-woman*] F. Day-womand Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Ar. [*aside*] I do betray my selfe with blushing. ¶ Maide!
Maide. Man!
Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge. 116
Maid. Thats hereby.
Ar. I know where it is situate.
Ma. Lord! how wise you are!
Ar. I will tell thee wonders. 120
Ma. With that face?
Ar. I loue thee!
Ma. So I heard you say.
Ar. And so, farewell! 124
Ma. Faire weather after you!
Const. Come, *Iaquenetta!* away! 126
 [*Exeunt DULL & IAQUENETTA.*
Ar. Villaine! thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be
 pardoned. [full stomacke.
Clo. Well, fir, I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a
Ar. Thou shalt be heauely punished. 130
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they
 are but lightly rewarded.
Ar. Take away this villaine! shut him vp!
Boy. Come, you transgresing slaue! away! 134
Clo. Let me not be pent vp, fir! I will fast, being loose.
Boy. No, fir! that were 'fast and loose': thou shalt to prison.
Clo. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of defolation
 that I haue seene, some shall see. . . . 138
Boy. What shall some see?
Clo. Nay, nothing, *Maister Moth*, but what they looke
 vpon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes;
 and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as little
 patience as an other man; & therefore I can be quiet. 143
 [*Exeunt MOTH & COSTARD.*
Arm. I do affect the verie ground (which is base), where
 her shoo (which is baser), guided by her foote (which is
 basest), doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great
 argument of falshood,) if I loue. And how can that be
 true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; [148
 Loue is a Diuell; there is no euill angel but Loue. Yet was

126. *Const.*] *Clo.* Q, F. *Dull*, Theobald.

I. ii. 114-149.]

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Sampson fo tenpted ; and he had an excellent strength : Yet was *Salomon* fo seduced ; and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butthaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb ; and therefore too much oddes for a *Spaniards* Rapier. The first and second [153 cause will not ferue my turne ; the *Passado* he respects not ; the *Duello** he regards not ; his disgrace is to be called ' Boy ' ; but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue, Valoure ! ruft, Rapier ! be still, Drum ! for your manager is in loue ! yea, he loueth ! Affist me, some extemporall God of Rime ! for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuife, Wit ! write, Pen ! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [Exit. 160

† *Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

Enter the Princeffe of Fraunce, with three attending Ladies (**MARIA, KATHERIN, ROSALIN**), and three Lordes (one **BOYET**).

Boyet. Now, Maddame, summon vp your dearest spirrits !
 Consider † who the King your father fendes,
 To whom he fendes, and what's his Embassie :
 Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme, 4
 To parlee with the sole inheritoure
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchles *Navar* ; the plea, of no lesse weight
 Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene. 8
 Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
 As Nature was in making Graces deare,
 When she did starue the generall world beside,
 And prodigally gaue them all to you. 12
Princesse. Good Lord *Boyet*, my beautie, though but meane,
 Needes not the painted florish of your prayse :
 Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
 Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues : 16
 I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
 Then you much willing to be counted wise,
 In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine.
 But now to taske the tasker : good *Boyet*, 20

*155. *Duello*] F. Duella Q. | †2. *Consider*] F. Cosider Q.
 † *Actus Secundus*] Actus Secunda | 13. *Princesse*] Queene Q.
 F. Q om.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noyse abroad, *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
 Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
 No Woman may approch his silent Court : 24
 Therefore, to's seemeth it a needfull courfe,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalfe,
 Bold of your worthines, we single you, 28
 As our best mouing faire foliciter :
 Tell him, 'the Daughter of the King of *France*,
 On serious busines crauing quicke dispatch,
 Impörtunes* personall conference with his Grace.' 32
 Hastē ! signifie so much ; while we attende,
 Like humble-visag'd † Suters, his high will.
Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit Box.
Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. 36
 ¶ Who are the Votaries, my louing Lordes,
 That are vowfellowes with this vertuous Duke ?
A Lord. Lord *Longauill* is one.
Princ. Know you the man ? 39
 1. *Lady, Maria.* I know him, Maddame ! at a marriage
 Betweene Lord *Perigort* and the bewtious heire [feast,
 Of *Iaques Fauconbridge*, solémnizèd 42
 In *Normandie*, saw I this *Longauill* :
 A man of soueraigne parts, peerelesse ‡ he is esteemd ; 44
 Well fitted in artes, glorious in armes ;
 Nothing becoms him ill, that he would well.
 The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
 (If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,) 48
 Is a sharpe Wit, (matcht with too blunt a Will.)
 Whose edge hath power to cut ; whose will still wils
 It should none spare, that come within his power. 51
Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike : ist fo ? [know.
 1 *Lady, Maria.* They say so most, that most his humors
Prin. Such short-liued wits do wither as they grow. 54

*32. *Impörtunes*] F. Impor- | Lord Capell. Lor. Q, F.
 tuous Q. | †44. *soueraigne parts*, *peere-*
 †34. *visag'd*] F. visage Q. | *lesse*] soueraigne parts F. soue-
 39. *A Lord. Lord*] First Lord. | raigne peerlesse Q.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Who are the reft? [plisht youth,
 2. *Lady, Katherin.* The young *Dumaine*, a well accom-
 Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued :
 Moft power to do moft harme, leaft knowing ill ;
 For he hath wit to make an ill fhape good,
 And fhape to win grace, though he had no wit. 60
 I faw him at the Duke *Alanfon's* once ;
 And much too little of that good I faw,
 Is my report to his great worthines. 63
 3. *Lady, Rosalind.* An other of thefe Studentes, at that time
 Was there with him, if I haue heard a trueth :
 ' *Berowne* ' they call him ; but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becomming mirth,
 I neuer fpend an houres talke withall. 68
 His eye begets occafion for his wit,
 For euery obieft that the one doth catch,
 The other turnes to a mirth-moouing ieft,
 Which his fayre tongue (Conceites expofiter,) 72
 Deliueres in fuch apt and gracious wordes,
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
 And younger hearinges are quite rauifhed ;
 So fweete and voluble is his difcourfe. 76
Prin. God bleffe my Ladyes ! are they all in loue,
 That euery one, her owne hath garnifhed
 With fuch bedecking ornaments of praife ?
Lord. Heere comes *Boyet.* [*Re-enter* BOYET.
Prin. Now, What admittance, Lord ?
Boyet. *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach ; 81
 And he, and his compettitours in oth,
 Were all addrest to meete you, gentle Lady,
 Before I came. Marrie, thus much I haue learnt : 84
 He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
 (Like one that comes heere to befiege his Court,)
 Then feeke a difpenfation for his oth,
 To let you enter his vnpeopled* houfe. 88
 Heere comes *Nauar.* [*The 3 Ladies maske.*¹

61. *Alanfon's*] *Alanson's* Rowe.
 Alansoes Q (but *Alanson*, II. i.
 195).

*88. *vnpeopled*] F. vnpeeled Q.

89. Q puts 'Enter', &c., and *Bo.*
 before 'Heere'.

¹ See l. 123, 192, 195, 207.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Enter NAUAR, LONGAUIL, DUMAINE, & BEROWNE.

- Nauar.* Faire Princeffe! Welcome to the court of *Nauar!*
Prin. 'Faire', I giue you backe againe; and 'welcome' I haue not yet: the roofe of this 'Court' is too high to be yours; and 'welcome' to the wide fieldes, too bafe to be mine. 93
Nau. You fhallbe welcome, Madame, to my Court.
Prin. I wilbe welcome, then. Conduft me thither!
Nau. Heare me, deare Lady: I haue fworne an oth. 96
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord! he'le be forfworne.
Nau. Not for the worlde, faire Madame, by my will. 98
Prin. Why, 'will' fhall breake it; 'will', and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladishyp is ignoraunt what it is. 100
Prin. Were my Lord fo, his ignorance were wife,
Where now his knowledge muft proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath fworne out Houfkeeping:
Tis deadlie finne to keepe that oath, my Lord, 104
And fin to breake it.
But pardon me, I am too fodaine bold:
To teach a teacher, ill befeemeth mee.
Vouchsafe to read the purpofe of my comming, [*Hands him a*
And fodainelie refolue mee in my fuite. *Paper.*
Nau. Madame, I will; if fodainelie I may. [*Retires reading.*
Prin. You will the fooner, that I were awaie;
For youle proue periurde, if you make me ftaie. 112
Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
*Rofa.** Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Ber. I know you did.
*Rofa.** How needles was it then to afke the queftion! 116
Ber. You muft not be fo quicke.
*Rofa.** Tis long of you, that fpur me with fuch queftions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot; it fpeedes too faft; twill tire.
*Rofa.** Not till it leaue the rider in the mire. 120
Ber. What time a day?
*Rofa.** The houre, that fooles fhould afke.
Ber. Now faire befall your mafke! 123
*Rofa.** Faire fall the face it couers!

*114, &c. *Rosa*] F. Kather Q, 114. Kath. Q, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

<i>Ber.</i> And fend you manie louers !	125
<i>Rofa.*</i> Amen ! fo you be none.	
<i>Ber.</i> Nay, then will I be gon.	127
<i>Ferd.</i> Madame ! your Father heere doth intimate	128
The payment of a hundred thouſand Crownes, Being but the one halfe of † an intire ſumme Diſburſed by my father in his warres. But ſay that he, or we, (as neither haue,) Receiud that ſumme, yet there remaines vnpaide A hundred thouſand more ; in ſuretie of the which, One part of <i>Aquitaine</i> is bound to vs, Although not valued to the monies worth.	132
If, then, the King your father, will reſtore But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied, We will giue vp our right in <i>Aquitaine</i> , And holde faire friendſhip‡ with his Maieſtie.	136
But that, it ſeemes, he little purpoſeth ; For here he doth demaund§ to haue repaide, A hundred thouſand Crownes ; and not demaunds, On paiement of a hundred thouſand Crownes,	140
To haue his title liue in <i>Aquitaine</i> ; Which we much rather had depart withall, And haue the money by our father lent, Then <i>Aquitaine</i> , ſo guelded as it is.	144
Deare Princeſſe ! were not his requeſtes ſo farr From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make A yeelding, gainſt ſome reaſon in my breaſt, And go well ſatisfied to <i>France</i> againe.	148
<i>Prin.</i> You do the King, my father, too much wrong, And wrong the reputation of your name, In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receipt Of that, which hath ſo faithfully been paide.	152
<i>Ferd.</i> I do proteſt I neuer heard of it : And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe, Or yeelde vp <i>Aquitaine</i> .	156
<i>Princ.</i> We arreſt your worde.	159

†130. of] F. of, of Q.

‡140. friendſhip] F. faiendſhip Q.

§142. demaund] demand F. pe-

maund Q (turnd d).

144. On] Theobald. One (= on)

Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

¶ *Boyet!* you can produce acquittances 160
 For such a fumme, from speciall* officers
 Of *Charles* his father.

Ferd. Satiffie mee so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
 Where that and other specialties are bound : 164
 To morrow, you shall haue a fight of them.

Ferd. It shall suffise me; at which enteruiew,
 All liberall reason I will yeelde vnto. 167

Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
 As honor (without breach of honor,) may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthines!
 You may not come (faire Princeffe,) within my gates;
 But here without, you shalbe so receiude, 172

As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart,
 Though so denide faire harbour in my house.
 Your owne good thoughtes excufe me, and farewell!
 To-morow shall we visite you againe. 176

Pri. Sweete health, and faire desires, confort your grace!

Na. Thy owne wish, wish I thee in euery place! [*Exit.* 178

BEROWNE comes forward.

Ber. [*to Ros.*] Ladie! I will commend you to myn owne† 178

Rof. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to

Ber. I would you heard it grone. [see it.

Rof. Is the foole sicke? 182

Ber. Sicke at the hart.

Rof. Alacke! let it blood.

Ber. Would that do it good? 185

Rof. My Phificke saies 'I'.

Ber. Will you prick't with your eye? 187

Rof. No poynt, with my knife.

Ber. Now, God faue thy life! 189

Rof. And yours from long liuing!

Ber. I cannot stay thankes giuing. [*Exit.* 191

*161. *speciall*] F. spciall Q. | †179. *myn owne*] my owne F.
 171. *within*] Q. in F (but 'faire | my none Q.
 Princesse' is 1 measure; and *with-* | 185. *Ber.*] Bar. Q. Boy. F.
 in matches better 'without,' 172).

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

DUMAINE comes forward.

Dum. [to BOYET] Sir, I pray you a word! What Ladie is that same? [Points to KATHERIN.

Boyet. The heire of *Alanfon*; Katherin her name. 193

Dum. A gallant Lady! *Mounfir*, fare you wel! [Exit.

LONGAUILL comes forward.

Longauill. [to BOYET] I beseech you a word! What is she in the white? [Points to MARIA. 195

Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light.

Lon. Perchance 'light' in the light. I desire her name.

Bo. She hath but one for her selfe; to desire that, were a

Lon. Pray you, fir, Whose daughter? [shame.

Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.

Lon. Gods blessing on your beard! 201

Bo. Good fir, be not offended!

She is an heire of *Falconbridge*.

Lon. Nay, my collar is ended. 204

She is a most fweet Ladie!

Bo. Not vnlike, fir, that may be. [Exit LONGAUIL. 206

Re-enter BEROWNE. [the capp?

Bero. [to BOYET, & pointing to ROS.] Whats her name in

Boy. Rosalin, by good happ. 208

Ber. Is she wedded, or no?

Boy. To her will, fir, or so. 210

Ber. O, you are welcome, fir! adew!

Boy. Farewell to me, fir, and welcome to you! 212

[Exit BERO. *The 3 Ladies vnmaske.*

Lady Maria. That last is *Berowne*, the merrie madcap Lord: Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy. And euery iest but a word.

Prim. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord. 216

Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepes, marie.

Bo. And wherefore not 'Shipps'?

top. *Dumaine*] Enter Dumaine Q. | 208. *Rosalin*] Singer (Anon. N.
193. *Katherin*] Singer (Capell & Q. conj.). Katherin Q, F.
conj.). Rosalin Q, F.

A pleasant concerted Comedie :

No Sheepe, (fweete Lambe,) vnlesse we feede on your lippes.
La. K. You Sheepe, and I pasture : shall that finish the left?
Bo. So you graunt pasture for me. [*Tries to kiss her.*
La. Kath. Not so, gentle Beaft!
 My lippes are no Common, though feuerall they be. 221
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. Kath. To my fortunes and mee.
Prin. Good witts will be iangling; but, gentles, agree! 223
 This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed
 On *Nauar* and his Bookmen; for heere tis abused. 225
Bo. If my obseruation, (which very feldome lyes,)
 By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes, 227
 Deceane me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle 'Affected'. 230
Prin. Your reason?
Bo. Why, all his behauiours did make their retire
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deser; 233
 His hart, like an Agot, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed; 235
 His tongue, all impacient to speake and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee; 237
 All fences, to that fence did make their repaire,
 To feele only looking on fairest of faire: 239
 Mee thought all his fenfes were lokt in his eye,
 As Iewels in Chrifall, for some Prince to buy: 241
 Who, tendring their owne worth from where they were glaft,
 Did poynt you to buy them, along as you pass. 243
 His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes. 245
 He giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
 And you giue him, for my sake, but one louing kiffe. 247
Prin. Come, to our Paultion! *Boyet* is disposed. . .
Bo. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath disclosed.
 I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie. 251
Lad. I. Maria. Thou art an old Loue-monger, & speakeft
 skilfully. 252

252. *Lad. I. Maria*] *Lad. Q.* *Lad. Ro. F.*

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Lad. 2. Kath. He is *Cupids* Graundfather, and learnes newes of him.

Lad. 3. Ros. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim. 254

Boy. Do you heare, my mad Wenches?

Lad. 1. Maria.* No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2†. Kath. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for mee. 256

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Actus Tertius. § Scena Prima.

Enter BRAGGART (*ARMADO*), and his Boy.

Bra. Warble, child! make paffionate my fense of hearing.

Boy. [*Sings*] *Concolinel.* 2

Brag. Sweete Ayer! go, tendernes of yeeres! take this Key; giue enlargement to the Swaine; bring him festinatly hither! I muſt imploy him in a letter to my loue. 5

Boy. Maifter, will you win your loue with a *French* braule?

Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in *French*? 7

Boy. No, my complet Maifter! but to ligge off a tune at the tongues ende, canarie to it with your feete, humour it with turning vp your eylids, sigh a note and fing a note, fometime through the throate, (as if you ſwallowed loue with fing-ing loue,) fometime through the noſe, (as if you ſnufft† vp loue by ſmelling loue;) with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eyes; with your armes croſt on your thinbellies doblet, (like a Rabbet on a ſpit;) or your handes in your pocket, (like a man after the olde painting;) and keepe not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complementes, theſe are humours; theſe betraie nice wenches, (that would be betraied without theſe;) and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moſt are affected to theſe. 20

253. *Lad. 2. Kath.*] *Lad. 2. Q.*
Lad. Ma. F.

254. *Lad. 3. Ros.*] *Lad. 3. Q.*
Lad. 2. F.

*255. *Lad. 1. Maria*] *Lad. Q.*
La. 1. F.

†256. *Lad. 2. Kath.*] *Lad. Q.*
Lad. 2. F.

§ *Actus Tertius*] *F. Q. om.*
11. *as if*] *Theobald. if Q, F.*

12. *the noſe*] *F2. noſe Q, F.*
‡*ſnufft*] *ſnufft F. ſnuffe Q.*

A pleasant concerted Comedie :

- Brag.* How hast thou purchased this experience? 21
Boy. By my pennie of obseruation.
Brag. But o, but o,
Boy. ' *The Hobbie-horse is forgot.*' 24
Brag. Calft thou my loue ' *Hobbi-horse* '?
Boy. No, Maister! the ' *Hobbi-horse* ' is but a colt, and your
loue perhaps, a hacknie. But haue you ' *forgot* ' your Loue?
Brag. Almost I had. 28
Boy. Negligent student! learne her by hart.
Brag. ' *By hart,* ' and in hart, boy.
Boy. And out of hart, Maister! all those three I will proue.
Brag. What wilt thou proue? 32
Boy. A man, if I liue; and this, by, in, and without, vpon
the instant: ' *by* ' hart you loue her, because your hart cannot
come by her; ' *in* ' hart you loue her, because your hart is in
loue with her; and ' *out of* ' hart you loue her, being out of
hart that you cannot enioy her. 37
Brag. I am all these three.
Boy. And three times as much more; and yet nothing at all.
Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine! he must carrie me a letter.
Boy. A message well sympathis'd! a Horse to be embassa-
doure for an Ass! 42
Brag. Ha, ha! What saiest thou?
Boy. Marrie, sir, you must send the Ass vpon the Horse,
for he is verie slow-gated: but I go. 45
Brag. The way is but short; away!
Boy. As swift as Lead, sir!
Brag. The meaning, prettie ingenius? 48
Is not ' *Lead* ' a mettall, heauie, dull, and slow?
Boy. *Minimè*, honest Maister; or rather, Maister, no!
Brag. I say, Lead is slow.
Boy. You are too swift, sir, to say so.
Is that Lead slow, which is fierd from a Gunne? 52
Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike!
He reputes me a Cannon; and the Bullet, thats hee:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.* 55
Brag. A most acute Iuuenall! volable, and free of grace!

22. *pennie*] *penny* Hanmer. penne Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

[Looks skyward] By thy fauour, sweete Welkin, I muſt fight
in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place. 58
My Herald is returnd.

Enter Page (MOTH), and Clowne (COSTARD).

Page. A wonder, Maſter! Heers a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome riddle! Come, thy *Lenuoy*! begin!

Clo. No 'egma', no 'riddle', no *lenuoy*! no ſalue in the
male, fir! O fir, Plantan, a plaine* Plantan! no *lenuoy*, no
lenuoy! no Salue, fir, but a Plantan! 64

A. By vertue, thou inforceſt laughter; thy ſillie thought,
my ſpleene; the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to redi-
culous ſmyling: O, pardone me, my ſtarres! Doth the in-
conſiderate take *ſaluë* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for
a *ſaluë*? 69 [*ſaluë*?

Pag. Do the wife thinke them other? is not *lenuoy* a

A. No, Page! it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plaine
Some obſcure† preſedence that hath tofore bin ſaine.

I will example it: 73

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were ſtill at oddes, being but three. 75

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

Pag. I will add the *lenuoy*. Say the morrall againe.

Ar. *The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,*

Were ſtill at oddes, being but three. 79

Pag. Vntill the Goofe came out of doore,

And ſtaied the oddes by adding foure. 81 [*lenuoy*.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,

Were ſtill at oddes, being but three. 84

Arm. Vntill the Goofe came out of doore,

Staying the oddes by adding four. [deſire more?

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goofe: woulde you

Clo. The Boy hath fold him a bargaine, a Goofe; that's flat.

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goofe be fat. 89

62. *the*] F2. thee Q, F. (male is | †72. *obſcure*] F. obſcure Q.
pack). (saine = ſaid.)

*63. *plaine*] F. pline Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as 'fast and loose' :
 Let me see ! a fat *Lenuoy* : I, thats a fat Goofe. 91 [begin ?
Ar. Come hither, come hither ! How did this argument
Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin. 93
 Then cald you for the *Lenuoy*. [in ;
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan : thus came your argument
 Then the boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goofe that you bought ;
 And he ended the market. 97
Ar. But tel me : How was there a *Costard* broken in a shin ?
Pag. I will tell you sencibly. [*Lenuoy* :
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* ; I will speake that
 I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within,
 Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin. 102
Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.
Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee. 105
Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis* ! I finell some *Lenuoy*,
 some Goofe, in this. 107
Arm. By my sweete foule, I meane, setting thee at libertie,
 Infreedoming thy person : thou wert emured, restrained,
 captinated, bound. 110
Clown. True, true ! and now you wilbe my purgation, and
 let me loose. 112
Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance ; and
 in lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this : Beare this
 significant [*Gives him a letter*] to the countrey Maide *Iaque-*
netta ! There is Remuneration ! [*Gives him 3 farthings.*] for
 the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants.
 ¶ *Moth*, follow ! [*Exit.* 118
Pag. Like the sequell, I. ¶ Signeur *Costard*, adew ! [*Exit.*
Clow. My sweete ounce* of mans flesh ! my in-conie lew !
 Now will I looke to his 'remuneration' ! 'Remuneration !'
 O, that's the latine word for three-farthings : Three-farthings!
 remuneration † ! What's the price of this yncle ? 'i. d. ?' 'No,
 Ile giue you a remuneration.' Why ! it carries it. 'Remuneration !'
 Why ! it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne. I
 will neuer buy and sell out of this word. 126

109. *emured*] Q, F, (as in IV. iii. | †123. *remuneration*] F. remunera-
 312.) *immured* F2. | tion Q.

*120. *ounce*] F. ounce Q.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Enter BEROWNE.

Ber. O, my good knaue *Coflard!* exceedingly well met!

Clow. Pray you, fir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a 'remuneration'?

129

Ber. O, what is a remuneration?

Cofst. Marie, fir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O! why then, threefarthing worth of Silke.

Cofst. I thanke your worship! God be wy you!

133

Ber. O stay, slaue! I must employ thee.

As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,

Do one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done, fir?

137

Ber. O, this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it, fir: Fare you well!

Ber. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I shall know, fir, when I haue done it.

141

Ber. Why, villaine, thou must know first!

Clow. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after noone.

Harke, slaue! it is but this:

145

The Princessè comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues speake sweetely, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her: aske for her;

149

And to her white hand, see thou do commend

This feald-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon! [*Gives him 1s.*]
goe!

Clow. 'Gardon!' O sweete gardon! better then 'remuneration'! alenenpence-farthing better! most, sweete gardon! I will do it, fir, 'in print': Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.* 154

Ber. O! and I, forsoth, in lone! I! that haue been loues
A verie Bedell to a humerous figh,

[whip,

A Crietick, nay, a night-watch Constable;

157

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent!

This wimpled, whyning, purblind, wayward Boy!

This signior-*Junior*, gyant-dwarffe, dan *Cupid!*

161

161. *Junior*] Hanmer (anon. conj. in Theobald). *Junios* Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes, Th' annoynted soueraigne of fighes and groones, Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents, Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces, Sole Emperator and great generall Of trotting Parrators! (O my litle hart!) And I, to be a Corporall of his fielde, And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope!	163
What! I lone! I fue! I seeke a wife! A woman, that is like a <i>Iermane</i> Clocke, Still a-repairing; euer out of frame; And neuer going a-right, being a Watch, But being watcht, that it may still go right!	167
Nay, to be periurde! which is worst of all: And among three, to loue the worst of all! A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow, With two pitch balles stucke in her face for eyes!	171
I, and by heauen, one that will do the deede, Though <i>Argus</i> were her eunuch and her garde! And I, to figh for her! to watch for her! To pray for her! go to! it is a plague That <i>Cupid</i> will impose, for my neglect Of his almightie dreadfull little might.	175
Well! I will loue, write, figh, pray, shue, & grone! Some men muft loue my Ladie, and some <i>Ione</i> .	179
	183
	186

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter the PRINCESSE, a Forrester, her Ladyes (ROSALIN,
MARIA, KATHERIN), BOYET, and her Lordes.*

Princesse. Was that the king, that spurd his horfe so hard
Against the steepe vp rising of the hill?

Forr. I know not; but I thinke it was not he.

Princesse. Who-ere a was, a thowd a mounting minde. 4
¶ Well, Lords! to day we shall haue our difpatch;

171. <i>Clocke</i>] F2. Cloake, Q, F.	suit, IV. iii. 255.)
185. & <i>grone</i>] F2. grone Q, F.	* <i>Actus Quartus</i>] F. Q. om.
(Note <i>shue</i> sue, for <i>shooter</i> suitor, IV. i. 110, and possibly <i>Shoote</i>	1, 4, &c. <i>Princesse</i>] Quec. Q, F. (in this scene).
[III. i. 162-185; IV. i. 1-5.]	26

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Ore Saterdag we will returne to *Fraunce.*
 ¶ Then, Forrester, my friend, Where is the Bush
 That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in? 8
Forr. Heereby, vpon the edge of yonder Coppice:
 A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Prinſeſſe. I thanke my Beautie, I am faire that ſhoote,
 And thereupon thou ſpeakſt 'the faireſt', ſhoote. 12
Forr. Pardon me, Madam! for I meant not ſo.
Prinſeſſe. What, what? Firſt praife mee, and againe
 ſay no?
 O ſhort lin'd pride! Not faire? alacke for woe! 15
For. Yes, Madam, faire. . . .
Prin. Nay, neuer paint me now!
 Where faire is not, praife cannot mend the brow. 17
 Heere, (good my glaſſe,) take this, for telling trew:
 [*Gives him money.*]
 Faire payment for foule wordes, is more then dew. 19
For. No thing but faire, is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, ſee! my beautie wilbe ſau'd by merrit! 21
 O herefy in faire, fit for theſe dayes:
 A giuing hand, though fowle, ſhall haue faire praife!
 But come, the Bow! Now Mercie goes to kill;
 And ſhooting well, is then accounted ill: 25
 Thus will I ſaue my Credite in the ſhoote;
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote; 27
 If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
 That more for praife then purpoſe, meant to kill. 29
 And out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes,
 Glorie growes guyltie of deteſted crimes, 31
 When, for Fames fake, for praife, an outward part,
 We bend to that, the working of the hart. 33
 As I, for praife alone, now ſeeke to ſpill
 The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill. 35
Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelſe-foueraigntie
 Onely for praife fake, when they ſtrive to be 37
 Lords ore their Lordes?
Prin. 'Onely for praife'; and praife we may afford,

6. *Ore*] Q. On F. (But 'ore' earlier in the week.)
 = before, may ſtand, tho' then it 27. *doote* = do't.
 moves the 2 days of the Play to

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord. 40

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common wealth.

Enter Clowne (COSTARD).

Clo. God dig-you-den al! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that haue no heads. 45

Clow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clow. 'The thickest, and the tallest!' it is so! trueth is trueth! 48

And your wafte, Mistris*, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles, for your wafte should be fit. 50
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

Princesse. Whats your will, fir? Whats your will? 52

Clow. I haue a Letter from Monfier *Berowne*, to one Ladie *Rosaline*.

Prin. O thy letter, thy letter! He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a-side, good bearer! ¶ *Boyet*, you can carue;
Breake vp this Capon!

Boyet. I am bound to ferue. 56

This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere.

It is writ to *laquenetta*.

Princesse. We will reade it, I sweare!

Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare! 59

Boyet } *BY* heauen! that thou art faire, is most infal-
reedes. } lible: true, that thou art beautiful; trueth it
selfe, that thou art louelie! More fairer then faire, beautifull
then beautiful, truer then trueth it selfe; haue comiseration on
thy heroicall Vassall! The magnanimous and most illustrate
King Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate [65
Begger Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say,
Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, (O base
and obscure vulgar!) videlisset, He came, saw, and ouercame: He
came, one; saw, two; ouercame†, three. Who came? the [69

41-2. *Enter Clowne*] Q, F, after 69. saw] Rowe. see Q, F.
l. 40. †69. ouercame] Q2. couercame
*49. *Mistris*] F. *Mistrs* Q. Q, F.
68. saw] F2. See Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to [70
ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he?
the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The concludon
is victorie: On whose side? the Kings. The captiue is [73
inricht: on whose side? the Beggars. The catastrophe is a
Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kinges? No, on both in one,
or one in both. I am the King; (for so standes the comparifon;)
thou the Begger; (for so witneffeth thy lowlines.) Shall I
commande thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I [78
coule. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What shalt
thou exchange for raggs? Roabes! For tittles? Tyttles! For
thy felfe? Mee! Thus, expecting thy replie, I prophane
my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my hart
on thy euerie part. 83

Thine in the dearest defigne of industri,

Don ADRIANO de ARMATHO.'

' Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare, 86

Gainst thee, thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:

Submissiue fall his princely feete before,

And he from forrage will incline to play.

But if thou striue, (poore soule,) what art thou then? 89

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.' 91

Prin. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?

What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued but I remember the stile.

Prin. Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erwhile. 95

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard*, that keepes here in court,

A Phantafime, a '*Monarcho*,' and one that makes sport 97

To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Prin. [to *COSTARD*]

Thou fellow, a worde!

Who gaue thee this letter?

Clow. I tolde you: 'my Lord.' 99

Prin. To whom shouldst thou giue it?

Clow.

From my Lord to my Ladie.

Prin. From which Lord, to which Ladie? 101

Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,

To a Ladie of *France*, that he calde *Rosaline*. 103

73. *Kings*] Kings Q2. King Q, F.

85. *Adriano*] Q2. *Adriana* Q, F.

A pleajant conceited Comedie :

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. ¶ Come, Lords, away!
 [to Ros.] Here, sweete! put vp this! twilbe thine another
 day. 105

[*Exeunt PRINCESSE, KATHERIN, Lords & Forrester.*

Boyet. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rofa. Shall I teach you to know?

Boy. I, my continent of beautie!

Rofa. Why, she that beares the Bow.

Finely put off! 108

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes; but, if thou marrie,

Hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie. 110

Finely put on!

Rofa. Well then, I am 'the shooter'.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rofa. If we choote by the hornes, your selfe come not
 neare. 113

Finely put on, in deede!

Maria. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she strikes
 at the brow. 115

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?

Rofa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde faying, that
 was a man when King *Pippen* of *Frannce* was a litle boy, as
 touching the 'hit it'? 119

Boy. So I may anfwere thee with one as olde, that was a
 woman when queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a litle wench
 as toching the 'hit it'. 122

Rofa. [*sings*] *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it!*

Thou canst not hit it, my good man! [*Exit.*

Boy. [*sings*] *And I cannot, cannot, cannot;*

And I cannot, an other can. 126

Clo. By my troth, most plesant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit it.

Bo. 'A mark'! O mark but that mark! 'A mark', faies
 my Lady!

Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be. 130

Mar. Wide a'the bow hand! yfaith, your hand is out.

108, 111, 114. Ought not these | KATHERIN, who has now nothing
 comments 'Finely put off!' &c., | to say in this scene?
 to be spoken by a third person, | 128. *hit it!* F4. hit Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Clo. Indeed, a'muff shoot nearer, or hele ne're* hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will she get the vphoot, by cleauing the pin. 134

Ma. Come, come! you talke greafely; your lips grow fowle. [bowle. 136

Cl. Shes to hard for you at pricks, fir: challeng her to

Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night, my good owle!

[*Exeunt MARIA & BOYET.*

Clo. By my foule, a Swaine! a most simple Clowne!

Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I haue put him downe!

O my troth, most sweete iestes! most inconie vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obfcenly, as it were, so fit.

Armatho ath toon fide: o, a most daintie man!

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann! 143

To see him kiffe his hand! & how most sweetly a wil fweare!

And his Page atother fide, that handfull of wit!

Ah, heauens! it is most pathetical nit! 146

Sowla, fowla! [*Exit. Showt within.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Enter DULL the Constable, HOLOFERNES the Pedant, and NATHANIEL the Curate.

Nat. Very reuerent sport, truly! and done in the testimonie of a good confcience. 2

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) *sanguis*, in blood; ripe as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewel in the eare of *Celo*, the skie, the welken, the heauen; & anon falleth, like a Crab, on the race of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Curat Nath. Truly, *Maister Holofernes*, the epythites are sweetly varried, like a scholler at the least: but, fir, I assure ye, it was a Bucke of the first head. 9

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. Twas not a ' *haud credo* '; twas a Pricket. 11

Holo. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of infnuation, (as it were,) *in via*, in way of explication: *facere*, (as it were,)

*132. *ne're*] F. neare Q.

134. *pin*] F2. is in Q, F.

142. *toon*] one Rowe. toothen Q.

' *Armatho* ath to the' F.

147. *Exit*] *Exeunt* Q, F. *Showt*]

Showte F2. *Shoot* Q. *Shoote* F.

7. *epythites*] epythithes Q, F.

A pleasant concerted Comedie:

replication, or rather *ofentare*, to show (as it were) his inclination, after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather, vnlettered, or ratherest, vnconfirmed fashion, to insert again my '*haud credo*' for a Deare. 17

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*; twas a Pricket.

Holo. Twice sodd simplicitie! *bis coctus*! 19

O thou monster ignorance! How deformèd doost thou looke!

Nath. Sir, he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke: 21

He hath not eate paper, as it were: he hath not drunke inck; his intellectu is not replenished; he is only an animall, only sensible in the duller partes: 24

And such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful should be,

(Which we of taste and feeling are,) for those partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he. 26 [foole,

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet,* or a So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole. 28

But *omne bene*, say I; being of an olde Fathers minde,

'Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.' [wit,

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tel me by your What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fife weeks old as yet? 32

Holo. *Dictinna*, goodman *Dull*! *Dictinna*, goodman *Dull*!

Dul. What is '*Dictinna*'? 34

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the Moone. [more,

Holo. The Moone was a month old, when *Adam* was no And rought not to fife weeks when he came to fife score. 37 Th'allusion holdes in the Exchange. [change.]

Dul. Tis true in deede, 'the Collusion holdes in the Ex-

Holo. God comfort thy capacitie! I say 'th'allusion holdes in the Exchange.' 41

Dul. And I say, the 'polution holdes in the Exchange'; for the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside, that twas a Pricket that the Princeffe kild. 44

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph

26. *of taste*] Tyrwhitt. taste, Q, F. | 33, 34. *Dictinna*] *Dictynna* Rowe.

*27. *indiscreet*] F. indistrell Q. | (33) *Dictisima*, (34) *Dictima* Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

on the death of the Deare? And, to humour the ignorant,
call I the Deare, the Princeffe kild, a Pricket. 47

Nath. Perge, good Maister Holofernes! perge! fo it fhall
pleafe you to abrogate scurilitie.* 49

Holo. I wil fomthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

♥ The prayfull Princeffe pearst and prickt a prettie pleasing
Pricket, [hooting.

*Some say a Sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with
The Dogges did yell: put ell to Sore, then Sorell iumps from
thicket.*

*Or Pricket-sore, or els Sorell; the people fall a hooting. 54
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore, makes fiftie sores o' sorell:*

Of one sore, I an hundred make, by adding but one more l. 56

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. [Aside] If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes
him with a talent. 59

Holo. This is a gyft that I haue; fimple, fimple! a foolifh
extrauagant fpirit, full of formes, figures, fhapes, obiectes,
Ideas, apprehentions, motions, reuolutions. Thefe are begot
in the ventricle of Memorie, nourifht in the wombe of *pia
mater*, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion. But
the gyft is good in thoſe in† whom it is acute; and I am thank-
full for it. 66

Nathaniel. Sir, I prayſe the Lord for you; and fo may my
parifhioners; for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and
their Daughters profite very greatly vnder you: you are a
good member of the common wealth. 70

Holo. Mehercle! yf their Sonnes be ingenious,† they fhall
want no inſtruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will
put it to them. But *Vir ſapit qui pauca loquitur*: a foule
Feminine ſaluteth vs. 74

46. *ignorant*] ignorant F. ignor-
ault Q.

47. *call I*] Camb. cald Q, F.

*49. *scurilitie*] F. squirilitie Q.
See V. i. 3, below.

51. *Pricket* is a buck of the 2nd
year; *Sorel* of the 3rd; *Sore* of the
4th. 55. *ell*] el Q, F.

55. *o'*] of Warburton. o Q, F.

60, 71, 76, 79, 85, 95. *Holofernes*,
Nath. Q, F.

63. *pia mater*] Rowe. primater
Q, F.

†65. *in whom*] F. whom Q.

67. *Nathaniel*] Holo. Q, F.

†71. *ingenous*] Q. ingenuous F.
ingenuous Q2.

73. *sapit*] Q2. sapis Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Enter IAQUENETTA, and the Clowne (COSTARD).

Iaquenetta. God giue you good morrow, *Maister* Perfon ! 75

Holo. *Maister* Perfon, *quafi* Perf-on ! And if one shoulde
be perft, Which is the one ? [hogthead.

Clo. *Marrie, Maister* Scholemafter, he that is likeft* to a
Holo. Of perfting a Hogthead ! a good luster of conceit in
a turph of Earth ! Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for
a Swine ! tis prettie ! it is well ! 81

Iaque. Good *Maister* Perfon, be fo good as read me this
letter ; it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don*
Armatho : I befecch you, read it ! 84

Holo. *Fauste precor gellida, quando pecus omne sub vmbra*
ruminat, and fo fourth. Ah, good olde *Mantuan* ! I may
fpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice* . 87

Venetia, Venetia !

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia. 89

Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan* ! Who vnderftandeth thee not,
loues thee not : *vt, re, fol, la, mi, fa.* Vnder pardon, fir, What
are the contentes ? or rather, as *Horace* fayer in his,—What,
my foule ? verbes ? 93

Nath. I, fir, and very learned.

Holo. Let me heare a ftaffe, a ftanze, a verfe : *Lege, domine !*

Nath. [reads **BEROWNE'S 6-measure Sonnet to ROSALIN**]

' *If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue ?* 96

Ah ! neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue.

Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Ofers bowed. 99

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes, 100

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice : 102

Well learn'd is that tongue, that well can thee commend ;

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder ;

Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire

*78. *likest*] F. *liklest* Q.

85. *Fauste . . pecus omne*] Fz.

Facile . . pecas omnia Q, F.

88-89. *Venetia . . pretia*] Malone

(from Florio's *Second Fruits*, 1591 :

[IV. ii. 75-105.]

' *Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti*
pretia ;

Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa.')

' *venchie, vencha, que non te*

vnde, que non te perreche' Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

*Thy eie, Ioues lightning beares ; thy voyce, his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier.* 107

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,*

That sings heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.' 109

Pedan. (Holo.) You finde not the apoftraphas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the canzenet! Here are onely numbers rated; but, for the elegancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poeſie, *caret! Ouidius Naſo* was the man. And why, in deed, *Naſo*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention. *Imitari!* is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider. ¶ But, *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you? 118

Iaq. I, fir, from one mounſier Beroune, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lordes. 120

Holofernes. I will ouerglaunce the ſuperſcript: '*To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beutious Lady Roſaline.*' I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie writing to the perſon written vnto. '*Your Ladieships in all deſired employment, Beroune.*' 125

Sir *Nathaniel*, this *Beroune* is one of the Votaries with the King; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes; which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. ¶ [*To Iaq.*] Trip and goe, my ſweete! deliuer this Paper into the royall hand of the King! it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement; I forgive thy dewtie; adue! 132

Mayd. Good *Coſtard*, go with me! ¶ [*Sir, God ſaue your life!*]

Coſt. Haue with thee, my girle! [*Exeunt Coſt. & Iaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you haue done this in the feare of God, verie religiously; and, as a certaine Father faith, . . . 136

Ped. (Holo.) Sir, tell not mee of the Father; I do feare

*108. *wrong*] F. woug Q.
 111. *canzenet*] *canzonet* Theobald.
 cangenet Q, F.
 111. *Here*] Theobald. *Nath.*
 Here Q, F.
 115. *Imitari*] Theobald. imitarie
 Q, F (showing the ſound of *i*).
 121. *Holofernes*] Theobald. *Nath.*
 Q.
 123. *intellect* means 'signature'.
 —T. S. Baynes. *Fraser's Mag.*
 1880.
 124. *writing*] Rowe. written Q, F.
 126. *Nathaniel*] Capell. *Ped.*
 (Per. F) Sir Holofernes Q, F.
 134. *Exeunt . . .*] Exit Q, F.
 135. *Nathaniel*] Holo. Q. Hol.
 F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verfes : Did they
pleafe you, fir *Nathaniel* ? 139

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine pupill
of mine, where, if (before* repaft) it fhall pleafe you to gratifie
the table with a Grace, I will, on my priuiledge I haue with
the parentes of the forefaid childe or pupill, vndertake your
ben venuto, where I will proue thofe Verfes to be very vn-
learned, neither fauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I
befeech your focietie. 147

Nath. And thanke you too! for focietie (faith the text) is
the happines of life. 149

Peda. And certes, the text moft infallibly concludes it.
[*To DULL.*] Sir, I do inuite you too; you fhall not fay me
nay : *pauca verba* ! Away ! the gentles are at their game,
and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.* 153

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertla.

Enter BEROWNE, with a paper in his hand, alone.

Berow. The King, he is hunting the Deare;

I, am courfing my felfe. 2

They haue pitcht a Toyle; I am toyling in a pytch; pytch
that defiles; 'defile' ! a foule worde ! Well, 'fet thee downe,
forrow !' for fo they fay the foole fayd; and fo fay I, and I
the foole : Well proued, wit ! By the Lord, this Loue is as [6
madd as *Aiax* : it kills Sheepe; it kills mee. I, a 'Sheepe' ! well
proued againe a my fide ! I will not loue ! if I do, hang
mee ! I'fayth I will not ! O, but her eye ! by this light,
but for her eye, I would not loue her ! yes, for her two eyes.
Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throate.
By heauen ! I doe loue ! and it hath taught me to rime, and
to be mallicholie : and heere is part of my Rime, and heare
my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a' my Sonnets already ;
the Clowne bore it, the Foole fent it, and the Lady hath it :
fweete Clowne ! fweeter Foole ! fweeteft Lady ! 16

By the worlde, I woulde not care a pin,

If the other three were in. 18

*142. *before*] Q. being F. 145. *ben*] Rowe (ed. 2). bien Q, F.
148. *too*] to Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Heere comes one with a paper :
 God giue him grace to grone! [He standes a-side. 20

The KING entreth, with a Paper in his hand.

King. Ay mee! 21

Be. [*Aside*] Shot, by heauen! proceed, sweet *Cupid*!
 thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdholt vnder the left papp.
 In fayth, secrets! 24

King. [*reads his Sonnet to the PRINCESSE.*]

' So sweete a kisse, the golden Sunne giues not
 To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
 As thy eye-beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot
 The night of dew, that on my cheekes downe flowes. 28

Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
 Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
 As doth thy face, through teares of mine, giue light.

Thou shinest in euerie teare that I do weepe ; 32
 No drop, but, as a Coach, doth carrie thee ;

So ridest thou, triumphing in my wo.

Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
 And they, thy glorie, through my grieffe, will show : 36

But do not loue thy selfe! then thou will keepe

My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. 38

O Queene of queenes! how farre doost thou excell,
 No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortal tell!' 40

How shall the know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
 Sweete leaues shade follie. Who is he, comes heere? 42

[*The KING steps a-side.*]

Enter LONGAULL, with a Paper in his hand.

What! *Longauill*! and reading! listen, eare!

(*Berow.* Now, in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare!)

Long. Ay mee! I am forfworne! 45

(*Berow.* Why, he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.)

(*King.* In loue, I hope! sweete fellowship in shame!)

(*Ber.* One drunkard loues an other of the name.) 48

Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so?

(*Ber.* I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know :

41. *paper*] Q, Capell (the Devonshire copy turns the 2nd *p* upside down).

47. *King.*] Pope. Long. Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

- Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner-cap of societie,
 The shape of Loues *Tiſburne*, that hanges vp Simplicitie.) 52
Long. I feare theſe ſtubborne lines lacke power to moue.
 O ſweete *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue! 54
 Theſe numbers will I teare, and write in proſe.
 (*Ber.* O, Rimes are gardes on wanton *Cupids* hoſe : 56
 Diffigure not his Slop!)
Long. This fame ſhall go. [*He reades the Sonnet.*
 ¶ Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye, 58
 Gainſt whom the world cannot holde argument,
 Perſwade my hart to this falſe periurie?
 Vowes for thee broke, deſerue not puniſhment. 61
 A Woman, I forſwore; but I will proue,
 Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee.
 My Vow was earthly; thou, a heauenly Loue!
 Thy grace being gainde, cures all diſgrace in mee. 65
 Vowes are but breath; and breath a vapoure is.
 Then thou, faire Sunne, which on my earth dooſt ſhine,
 Exhalſt this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
 If broken then, it is no fault of mine: 69
 If by mee broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe,
 To looſe an oth, to winn a Parradiſe?' 71
 (*Bero.* This is the lyuer veine, which makes fleſh a deitie,
 A greene Goofe, a Goddeſſe! pure, pure Ydolatrie*! 73
 God amende vs, God amende! we are much out a th'way.)
Long. By whom ſhall I fend this?

Enter DUMAINE, with a Paper in his hand.

- Companie > Stay! [*LONG. ſtandes aſide.*
 (*Berow.* 'All hid, all hid!' an olde infant play. 76
 Like a demie-God, here fit I in the ſkie,
 And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-ey. 78
 [*Catching ſight of DUMAINE.*
 'More Sacks to the myll!' O heauens, I haue my wyſh!
Dumaïne transformed! foure Woodcocks in a dyll!) 80
Duma. O moſt denine *Kate*!
 (*Berow.* O moſt prophane coxcombe!) 82

57. *Slop*] Theobald. Shop Q, F. | ſible, the word ſhould not be
 *73. *Ydolatrie*] Idolatry F. ydo- | changd).
 tarie Q (if for 'idiotry,' as is pos-

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

- Duma.* By heauen, the woonder in a mortall eye!
(Ber. By earth, she is not! corporall, there you ly!) 84
Duma. Her Amber haire,* for foule hath amber coted!
Ber. An amber-colour'd Rauen was well noted.) 86
Duma. As vpriight as the Ceder!
(Ber. Stoo pes, I fay!
Her shoulder is with child.)
Duma. As faire as day! 88
(Ber. I, as some dayes; but then no Sunne muft shine.)
Duma. O that I had my wish!
(Long. And I had mine!) 90
(King. And I mine too, good Lord!)
(Ber. Amen! so I had mine: Is not that a good word?)
Duma. I would forget her; but, a Feuer, shee
Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be. 94
(Ber. A 'Feuer in your blood'! why, then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers! sweete misprifion! †) 96
Dum. Once more Ile reade the Ode‡ that I haue writ.
(Ber. Once more Ile marke how loue can varrie Wit.) 98

DUMAINE reads his Sonnet.

- 'On a day, (alacke the day!)
Loue, whose Month is euer May, 100
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton aire: 102
Through the Veluet leaues, the wind,
All vnseene, can passage finde; 104
That the Louer, sicke to death,
Wisht himselfe the heauens breath. 106
Ayre, (quoth he,) thy cheekes may blow;
Ayre, would I might triumph so! 108
But, alacke, my hand is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy thorne: 110

84. *corporall*] Q (Capell). cro-
porall (Devonshire) Cam.

*85. *haire*] F. heires Q.

87. *Stoo pes*] Nicholson. Stoope
Q, F.

91. *And I*] Johnson. And Q, F.

†96. *misprifion*] F. misprison Q.

‡97. *Ode*] F. Odo Q.

106. *Wisht*] Wish'd F2. *Pass.*

Pilg. Wish Q, F.

110. *thorne*] Rowe (ed. 2),
from *Englands Helicon*. throne Q,
F, and *Pass. Pilg.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

<i>Vow, alacke, for youth vnmeete,</i>	112
<i>Youth so apt to pluck a sweete !</i>	
<i>Do not call it sinne in me,</i>	
<i>That I am forsworne for thee ;</i>	114
<i>Thou, for whom Ioue would sweare,</i>	
<i>Iuno but an Æthiop were,</i>	116
<i>And denie himselfe for Ioue,</i>	
<i>Turning mortall for thy loue.'</i>	118
This will I send, and something els more plaine,	
That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.	120
O ! would the <i>King, Berowne,</i> and <i>Longauill,</i>	
Were Louers too ! Ill, to example ill,	122
Would from my forehead wipe a periurde note ;	
For none offense, where all alike do dote.	[charitie,
<i>Long. [coming forth] Dumaine !</i> thy Loue is farre from	
That in loues grieffe desirft societie :	126
You may looke pale ; but I should blush, I know,	
To be ore-heard*, and taken napping so.	[cafe is such.
<i>King. [coming forward] Come, sir,</i> you blush ! as his, your	
You chide at him, offending twice as much.	130
You do not loue <i>Maria ! Longauile</i>	
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,	132
Nor neuer lay his wreathèd armes athwart	
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hart !	134
I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,	
And markt you both ; and for you both, did blush.	136
I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion ;	
Saw fighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.	138
' Ay mee ! ' fayes one ; ' O Ioue ! ' the other cryes ;	
One, ' her haire were Golde ' ; ' Chrystal, the others eyes.' 140	
[To LONG.] You would, for Parradise, breake Fayth and troth ;	
[To DUM.] And Ioue, for your Loue, would infringe an oth !	
What will <i>Berowne</i> say, when that he shall heare	
Fayth so infringèd, which such zeale did sweare ?	144
How will he scorne ? how will he spende his wit ?	
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it ?	146
For all the wealth that euer I did see,	
I would not haue him know so much by mee.	148

*128. *heard*] F. hard Q. 144. *Fayth so*] S. Walker conj. Fayth Q, F.
[IV. iii. 111-148.] 40

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Bero. [*Aside*] Now step I fourth to whip hypocrisie!

[*Steps forth*.]

¶ Ah, good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee! 150
 Good hart! What grace haft thou, thus to reprove
 These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue? 152
 Your eyes do make no 'coaches'! in your 'teares,'
 There is no certaine Princeſſe that appears! 154
 Youle not be periurde! tis a hatefull thing!
 Tuff! none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting. 156
 But are you not aſhamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot? 158
 [*To LONG.*] You found his Moth; the King, your Moth did
 But I, a Beame do finde in each of three. 160 [*ſee* :
 O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I ſeene!
 Of fighes, of grones, of forrow, and of teene! 162
 O mee! with what ſtrickt patience haue I fat,
 To ſee a King transformèd to a Gnat! 164
 To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge, 166
 And *Neflor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes! 168
 ¶ Where lies thy grieve? O, tell me, good *Dumaine*!
 ¶ And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine? 170
 ¶ And where my Liedges? all about the breſt?
 A Caudle, hou!
King. Too bitter is thy ieſt. 172
 Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you to mee, but I betrayed by you: 174
 I, that am honeſt; I, that holde it ſinne
 To breake the vow I am ingagèd in; 176
 I am betrayed by keeping companie
 With men like you, men of inconſtancie. 178
 When ſhall you ſee mee, write a thing in rime?

153. *coaches*] See l. 34. couches
 Q. F. *coaches* Hanmer.

159. *Moth* = mote (his = Du-
 maine's).

166. *Sallomon*] Q. Solomon.

174. *to mee . . . by you*] Capell.
 by mee . . . to you Q, F.

178. *like you*] Dyce (S. Walker

conj.). like Q, F. (*You* is needed
 for contrast with Berowne's *I*. But
 if F2 is right, that the left-out word
 is 'strange'—'men, like men of
 strange inconstancie,' F2—then the
 best change is Mason's, adopted by
 Stevens, 'With moon-like men of
 strange inconstancie'.)

[IV. iii. 149-179.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Or grone for Loue ? or spende a minutes time 180
 In pruning mee ? When shall you heare, that I
 Will praye a hand, a foote, a face, an eye, 182
 A gate, a state, a brow, a brest, a waft,
 A legge, a limme ? . . . [*Sees COSTARD & tries to run off.*
King. [*stopping B.*] Soft ! Whither away fo fast ? 184
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so ?
Ber. I poft from Loue : good Louer, let me go ! 186

Enter IAQUENETTA and Clowne (COSTARD).

Iaqu. God blesse the King !
King. What present haft thou there ?
Clow. Some certaine treason.
King. What makes 'treason' heere ? 188
Clow. Nay, it makes nothing, fir.
King. Yf it marr nothing neither,
 The treason and you goe in peace away togeather. 190
Iaque. I beseech your Grace, let this Letter be read ;
 Our person misdoubts it ; twas treason, he said. 192
King. *Berowne*, reade it ouer ! [*He reades the letter.*
 [*To IAQUE.*] Where hadst thou it ?
Iaqu. Of *Costard*.
King. [*to COST.*] Where hadst thou it ? 196
Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*.
 [*BEROWNE tears the letter to bits.*
King. How now ! What is in you ? Why doft thou teare it ?
Ber. A toy, my Leedge, a toy ! your grace needs not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to passion, & therefore lets heare it.
Dum. [*picks up the bits*] It is *Berownes* writing, and heere
 is his name. 201
Berow. [*to COSTARD*] Ah, you whorefon loggerhead ! you
 were borne to do me shame. [*fesse !*
 [*To the KING*] Guiltie, my Lord ! guiltie ! I confesse, I con-
King. What ? [*messe.*
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt me foole, to make vp the
 ¶ Hee, ¶ hee, and ¶ you ; and you, my Leege, and I,
 Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die. 207
 O, difmisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

180. *Loue*] Q (Devonshire copy), | *Ioane F.*
Ioane (Capell copy. See III. l. 185), | 194. *Where*] *King.* Where Q.
 [IV. iii. 180-208.] 42

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Duma. Now the number is euen.

Bero. True, true, we are fower : 209

Will theſe turtles be gon?

King. Hence, firſt ! away ! 210

(*Clow.* Walke aſide the true folke, and let the traytors ſtay !)

[*Exeunt COSTARD & IAQUENETTA.*

Ber. Sweete Lords, sweete Louers ! O, let vs imbrace !

As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be.

The Sea will ebb and flow, Heauen ſhew his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an olde decree ; 215

We can not croſſe the cauſe why we were borne ;

Therefore, of all handes, muſt we be forſworne. 217

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine ?

Ber. 'Did they?' quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Rofaline,*

That (like a rude and ſauadge man of *Inde,* 220

At the firſt opning of the gorgious Eaſt,)

Bowes not his vaſſall head, and, ſtrooken blind,

Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt ? 223

What peromptorie Eagle-fighted eye 224

Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,

That is not blinded by her maieſtie ?

King. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpirde thee now ? 227

My Loue (her Miſtref,) is a gracious Moone ; 228

Shee, an attending Starre, ſcarce ſeene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne* !

O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night ! 231

Of all complexions, the culd ſoueraigntie 232

Do meeete, as at a faire, in her faire cheeke,

Where ſeueraill worthies make one dignitie,

Where nothing wantes, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke. 235

Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues ! 236

Fie, paynted Rethoricke ! O, ſhee needes it not !

To thinges of ſale, a ſellers prayſe belongs :

She paſſes prayſe ; then prayſe too ſhort doth blot. 239

A witherd Hermight, fueſcore winters worne, 240

Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye :

Beautie doth varniſh Age, as if new-borne,

And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie. 243

(220. Here begins the only (and happily the only) ſet of 17 consecutive fours in Shakspeare's work.)

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

O, tis the Sunne, that maketh all thinges shine!	244
<i>King.</i> By heauen! thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.	
<i>Berow.</i> Is Ebonie like her? O wood deuine!	
A wife of fuch wood were felicitie.	247
O, who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?	248
That I may sweare, Beautie doth beautie lacke, If that she learne not, of her eye to looke:	
No face is fayre, that is not full so blacke.	251
<i>King.</i> O paradox! Blacke is the badge of Hell,	252
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night; And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.	
<i>Ber.</i> Diuels sooneft tempt, resemling spirites of light.	255
O, if in blacke my Ladyes browes be deckt,	256
It mournes, that painting & vsurping haire Should rauish dooters with a false aspéct:	
And therefore is she borne, to make blacke, fayre.	259
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,	260
For natie blood is counted paynting now: And therefore redde, that would auoyde disprayse, Paintes it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.	263
<i>Duma.</i> To looke like her, are Chimnie-fweepers blake.	264
<i>Long.</i> And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.	
<i>King.</i> And <i>Æthiops</i> , of their sweete complexion crake.	
<i>Duma.</i> Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.	267
<i>Ber.</i> Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine,	268
For feare their colours should be washt away.	
<i>King.</i> Twere good yours did: for, fir, to tell you plaine, Ile finde a fayrer face not washt to-day.	271
<i>Ber.</i> Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomsfe-day heere.	272
<i>King.</i> No Diuel will fright thee then, so much as shee.	
<i>Duma.</i> I neuer knew man holde vile stufte so deare.	
<i>Long.</i> [<i>puts out his foot</i>] Looke! heer's thy loue! my foote, and her face, see.	275
<i>Ber.</i> O, if the freetes were pauèd with thine eyes,	276
Her feete were much too daintie for fuch tread!	

246. *wood*] Rowe (ed. 1). word | suitor, IV. i. 110, Cam. *Stole*
Q, F. | Hanmer (Theobald conj.).)

253. *Schoole*] Q, F. look, general | 257. &] and F4. an F2, 3.
aspect, character (? corruption of | (not in Q, F.)
Suit spelt *Shoote*, as *Shooter* =

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

<i>Duma.</i> O vile! then, as she goes, what vpward lyes, The streete should see, as she walkt ouer-head.	279
<i>King.</i> But what of this? are we not all in loue?	280
<i>Ber.</i> O, nothing so fure; and thereby, all forfworne.	
<i>King.</i> Then leaue this chat; and, good <i>Beroune</i> , now proue Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.	283
<i>Duma.</i> I, marie, there; some flatterie for this euill.	284
<i>Long.</i> O, some authoritie how to proceede; Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheate the diuell.	
<i>Duma.</i> Some false for periurie.	
<i>Ber.</i> O tis more then neede.	287
Haue at you, then, affections men at armes! Consider what you first did sweare vnto: To fast, to study, and to see no woman: Flat treason gainst the kingly state of youth!	291
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young; And abstinence ingenders maladies. And where that you haue vowd to studie, (Lords,)	294
In-that each of you haue forfworne his Booke, Can you fill dreame, and poare, and thereon looke? ^{1(a)}	296
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp The nimble spirites in the arteries, As motion and long-during action tyres The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.	300
Now, for not looking on a womans face, You haue in that forfworne the vse of eyes, And studie too, the causer of your vow. (β)	

¹ The first sketch of this speech | and F. They are separated here, the
is mixt up with the revize of it in Q | first sketch being given below:—

(γ) O! we haue made a Vow to studie, Lordes; [see 294]	303 ^h
And in that Vow we haue forsworne our Bookes.	,, ⁱ
(α) For when would you, my Lord, ¶ or you, ¶ or you [see 304]	296 ^a
Haue found the ground of Studies excellence	,, ^b
Without the beautie of a womans face? (δ)	,, ^c
(β) For where is any Authour in the worlde, Teaches such beautie ² as a womans* eye? [see 306-7]	303 ^a
Learning is hut an adiunct to our selfe,	,, ^b
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.	,, ^c
Then, when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,	,, ^d
With our selues	,, ^e
Do we not likewise see our learning there? (γ)	,, ^f
² ? learning. * <i>womans</i>] F. womas Q.	,, ^g

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

For when would you, my Leedge, ¶ or you, ¶ or you.	304
In leaden contemplation, haue found out Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes Of beautis tutors haue inritch't you with?	
Other slow Artes intirely keepe the braine ;	308
And therefore, finding barraine practizers, Scarce shew a harueft of their heauie toyle ; But Loue, first learnéd in a Ladies eyes, Lines not alone emuréd in the braine ;	312
But, with the motion of all elamentes, Courses as fwift as thought in euery power, And giues to euery power a double power, Above their functions and their offices.	316
It addes a precious seeing to the eye : A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde ; A Louers eare will heare the lowest found, When the suspitious head of theft is stopt.	320
Loues feeling, is more soft and sensible Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles. Loues tongue, proues daintie <i>Bachus</i> grosse in taste. For Valoure, is not Loue a <i>Hercules</i> ,	324
Still clymyng trees in the <i>Hesperides</i> ? Subtil as <i>Sphinx</i> ; as sweete and musicall As bright <i>Appolos</i> Lute, strung with his haire.	
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes	328
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie. Nener durst Poet touch a pen to write, Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues fighes :	
O, then his lines would rauish sauage eares, And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.	332
¹ From womens eyes, this doctrine I deriue : They sparkle still the right <i>Promethean</i> fier ; They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes, ¹	336

312. *emured*] Q, F, as in III. i. 111. *immured* mod. Eds.

¹—¹ See note on page 49. Here is the first cast of lines 334-336 :—

(ð) From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,	296d
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,	,, e
From whence doth spring the true <i>Promethean</i> fire.	,, f
IV. iii. 304-336.]	

called Loues Labor's loft.

That shew, containe, and nourish all the worlde :
 Els none at all, in ought proues excellent. 338
 Then fooles you were, these women to forfwere ;
 Or, keeping what is fworne, you will proue fooles. 340
 For Wifedomes fake, a worde that all men loue ;
 Or for Loues fake, a worde that loues all men ;
 Or for Mens fake, the authour of these Women ;
 Or Womens fake, by whom we Men are Men, 344
 Lets vs once loofe our othes, to finde our felues,
 Or els we loofe our felues, to keepe our othes.
 It is Religion to be thus forfworne,
 For Charitie it selfe fulfills the Law : 348
 And who can feuer Loue from Charitie ?
King. Saint *Cupid*, then, and Souldiers, to the felde !
Berow. Aduance your standards,* and vpon them, Lords !
 Pell-mell, downe with them ! but be first aduifd, 352
 In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.
Long. Now to plaine dealing : Lay these glozes by !
 Shall we resolute to wooe these gyrls of *Fraunce* ?
King. And winn them too : therefore let vs deuise 356
 Some enterテインment for them in their Tentes.
Ber. First, from the Parke let vs conduct them thither ;
 Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his faire Mistres : in the afternoone, 360
 We will with some strange pastime solace them,
 Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape ;
 For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
 Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers. 364
King. Away, away ! no time shalbe omitted,
 That will be time, and may by vs, be fitted.
Ber. Allons ! allons ! fowed Cockell reapt no Corne,
 And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure : 368
 Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forfworne* ;
 If so, our Copper byes no better treasure. [*Exeunt.* 370

345-6. *loose* 1, means let fly, let go, break. *Loose* 2, lose.

*351. *standards*] F. standars Q.
 355. *wooe*] woe Q, F.

367. *Allons ! allons !*] Theobald.
 (Warburton). Alone alone Q, F.
 369. *forsuorne*] F. forsorne Q.

A pleasant concerted Comedie :

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Pedant (HOLOFERNES), the Curat (Sir NATHANIEL), and DULL (the Constable).

Pedant. Satis quod sufficit.

1

Curat. I praye God for you, sir! your reasons at Dinner haue been sharpe & sententious; pleasant without scurillitie, wittie without affection, audacious without impudencie, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie. I did conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.* 7

Ped. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is loftie, his discourse peremptorie, his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, & thrafonicall. He is too picked, too* spruce too affected, too* od, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it. 12

Curat. A most singuler and choyce Epithat!

[*Draws out his Table-booke.*

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanaticall phantasims, such infociable and poynt-deuise companions; such rackers of ortographie, as to speake 'dout' fine, when he should say 'doubt'; 'det,' when he should pronounce 'debt; debt, not 'det': he clepeth a Calfe, 'Cause': halfe, 'haufe': neighbour *vocatur* 'nebour'; neigh abreuatiad 'ne': this is abhominable, which he would call 'abhominable': it infiguatieth me of insanire, (*ne intelligis, domine?*) to make frantique, lunatique?

Curat. Laus deo, bene intelligo!

23 [serue.

Peda. Bon, bon, fort bon! Priscian a litle scratcht: twil

Enter Bragart (ARMADO), Boy (MOTH), & COSTARD the Clowne.

Curat. Vides-ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, et gaudeo.

1. *quod*] Rowe. quid Q, F.
8. *hominem*] F3. hominum Q, F.
*11, 12. *too . . too*] F. to . .
to Q.
13, 14. *Draws*] Draw Q, F.
17. *ortographie*] Q2. ortagraphe
Q, F.

22. *insanire*] Singer (S. Walker conj.). *insanie* Theobald. infamie Q, F.
24. *Bon, bon, fort bon*] Cam. *Priscian*] Theobald. Bome boon, for boon prescian Q, F.
26. *gaudeo*] gaudio Q, F.

called *Loues Labor's loſt.*

- Brag.* Chirra! 27
Peda. *Quare* 'Chirra,' not Sirra?
Brag. Men of peace, well incontented!
Ped. Moſt millitarie fir, ſalutation! 30
Boy. [*Aside, to COSTARD*] They haue been at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtolne the ſcraps. 32
Clow. O, they haue lyud long on the almsbasket of wordes. I maruaile thy *Maifter* hath not eaten thee for a worde; for thou art not ſo long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed then a flapdragon. 36
Page. Peace! the peale begins.
Brag. [*to HOLOF.*] Mounſier, are you not lettred? 38
Page. Yes, yes! he teaches boyes the Horne-booke. ¶ What is 'Ab' ſpeld backward, with the horne on his head? 40
Peda. 'Ba,' *puericia*, with a horne added. [learning!
Page. 'Ba,' moſt ſeely Sheepe with a horne. ¶ You heare his
Peda. *Quis, quis*, thou Conſonant? 43
Page. The laſt of the five Vowels, if You repeate them; or the fiſt, if I.
Peda. I will repeate them: a, e, I.
Page. The Sheepe; the other two concludes it; o, u. 47
Brag. Now by the fault waue of the *Mediterraneum*,* a ſweete tutch, a quicke venewe of wit! ſnip, ſnap; quicke and home! it reiocyeth my intellect; true wit! 50
Page. Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.
Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?
Page. Hornes. 53
Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg!
Page. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie. '*Vnum*', *cito!* a gidge of a Cuckolds horne!
Clow. And I had but 'one' peny in the world, thou ſhouldſt haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde! there is the verie Remuneration I had of thy *Maifter*, [*gives him 3 farthings*] thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of diſcretion! O, and the heauens were ſo pleaſed that thou wart but my Baſtard, What a ioyfull father wouldeſt thou make me! Go to! thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they ſay. 63

28. *Quare*] Quari Q, F.

*48. *wau.* . . . *Mediterraneum*] F. | wane . . . meditaranium Q.

56. *cito*] cita Q, F. (One, quick!)

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Peda. Oh, I smell false Latine! ‘*dunghel*’ for *vnguem*. 64
Brag. *Artif-man, preambula!* we will be singuled from
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-houfe
on the top of the Mountaine? 67

Peda. Or *Mons*, the hill.

Brag. At your sweete pleafure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do, *sans question*. 70

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleafur & affection,
to congratulate the Princeffe at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors*
of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon! 73

Peda. The ‘*posterior* of the day,’ most generous fir, is liable,
congruent, and meafurable for the ‘after-noon’: the worde is
well culd, chose, sweete, & apt, I do assure you, fir; I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familier,
(‘I do assure ye,’) very good friende: for what is inwarde be-
tweene vs, let it passe; (I do beseech thee, remember thy
curtesie. I beseech thee, apparrell thy head.) and among [80
other important and most serious designs, and of great im-
port in deede, too; but let that passe; for I must tell thee, it
will please his Grace (by the worlde!) fometime to leane
vpon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger, thus
dallie with my excrement, with my mustachie: but, sweete
hart, let that passe. By the world, I recount no fable: some [86
certaine special honours, it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to
Armado, a Souldier, a man of traually, that hath seene the
worlde: but let that passe. The very all of all is, (but, sweet
hart, I do implore secrecie,*) that the King would haue me
present the Princeffe (sweete chuck!) with some delightfull
offentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or fierworke.
Now, vnderstanding that the Curate and your sweete selfe
are good at such eruptions and sodaine breaking out of myrth
(as it were), I haue acquainted you withall, to the ende to
craue your assistance. 96

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the ‘Nine Worthies.’
¶ Sir *Nathaniel*,—as concerning some entertainment of time,
some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred† by our

65. *preambula*] Theobald. pre-ambulat Q, F.

81. *important*] importunt Q. importunate F.

*90. *secrecie*] F. secretie Q.

98. *Nathaniel*] Capell. Holofernes Q, F.

†99. *rendred*] F. rended Q.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

affiftance, at the Kinges commaund, and this moft gallant, illuftrate, and learned Gentleman, before the Princeffe: I fay, none fo fit to prefent as the 'Nine Worthies.' 102

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to prefent them? 104

Peda. *Iofua*, your felfe; my felfe, *Alexander*; ¶ and this gallant Gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; ¶ this Swaine (becaufe of his great lim or ioynt) fhall paffe *Pompey* the great; the Page, *Hercules*. . . 108

Brag. Pardon, fir! error! He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumbe; he is not fo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? He fhall prefent *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* fhalbe ftrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpofe. 113

Page. An excellent deuce! fo, if any of the audience hiffe, you may cry, 'Well done, *Hercules*! now thou crufheft the Snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to do it. 117

Brag. For the reft of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my felfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman!

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing? 121

Peda. We attende.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I befeech you, follow! 124

Peda. *Via*, good-man *Dull*! thou haft fpoken no worde all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderftoode none, neither, fir.

Ped. Allons! we will employ thee. 128

Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or fo: or I will play

On the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.

Peda. Moft *Dull*, honeft *Dull*! to our fport, away! 131

[*Exeunt.*]

100. *assistance at*] *assistance* Singer (Heath conj.). at F2. assistants Q, F.

102. *to present as*] Fl. as to present Q, F.

105. *Alexander*] not in Q. (The cast of the play should not be altogether the same as the persons

in it: cp. *M. N. Dream*, where Manager Quince the Carpenter, cast for Thisbe's Father, plays *Prologue*; Starveling the Tailor, cast for Thisbe's Mother, plays *Moonshine*; and Snout the Tinker, cast for Pyramus's Father, plays *Wall*.) 128. *Allons*] (?) Alone Q, F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Enter the Ladies : the PRINCESSE, ROSALIN, KATHERIN, &
MARIA.

Princesse. Sweete hartes, we shalbe rich ere we depart, 1
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in!
A Ladie walde about with Diamonds!

Looke you, what I haue from the louing King! 4

Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?

Princesse. Nothing but this? yes, as much loue in Rime
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper,
Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all, 8
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;
For he hath been fise thousand yeere a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrowde vnhappye gallowes too! 12

Ros. Youle nere* be friendes with him ; a kild your sifter.

Kath. He made her melancholie, fad, and heauie ;
And so she died : had she bin Light like you,
Of such a mery, nimble, stirring spirit, 16
She might a bin a† Grandam ere she died :
And so may you ; For 'a light hart liues long.

Ros. Whats your darke meaning, mouce, of this 'light' word?

Kath. A 'light' condition in a beautie 'darke'! 20

Ros. We neede more 'light' to finde your meaning out.

Kath. Yole marre the 'light' by taking it in snuffe ;
Therefore Ile 'darkly' ende the argument.

Ros. Looke, what you do, you do it still i'th 'darke' . 24

Kath. So do not you, for you are a 'light' Wench.

Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore 'light'.

Kath. You 'waigh' me not? O, thats you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason! for 'past care, is still past cure.' 28

Princesse. Well bandied both! a set of Wit well played!

¶ But *Rosaline*,‡ you haue a Fauour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew!

And if my face were but as faire as yours, 32

1, 6, &c. *Princesse*] Quee. Q | †17. a *Grandam*] F. Grandam
(We alter it thru-out). | Q.

*13. *nere*] F. neare Q.

‡30. *Rosaline*] F. Rasaline Q.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

My Fauour were as great; be witneffe, this!
 Nay, I haue Vearfes too, I thanke *Beroune*; 34
 The numbers true; and, were the numbring too,
 I were the fayrest Goddeffe on the ground: 36
 I am comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
 O, he hath drawen my picture in his letter!
Princesse. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praife. 40
Princesse. Beautious as Incke; a good conclufion.
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie-booke.
Ros. Ware penfalls, How! Let me not die your debtor,
 My red Dominicall, my golden letter! 44
 O that your face were not fo full of Oes!
Princesse. A Poxe of that iest! and I befhrow all Shrowes!
 But, *Katherine*, what was fent to you from faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madame, this Gloue.
Princesse. Did he not fend you twaine? 48
Kath. Yes, Madame: and moreouer,
 Some thoufand Verfes of a faithfull Louer; 50
 A hudge tranflation of hipocrife,
 Vildly compyled, profound fimplicities. 52
Maria. This, [*showing a letter*], and thefe Pearles, to me
 fent *Longauile*.
 The Letter is too long by halfe a mile. 54
Princesse. I thinke no leffe. Doft thou not wifh in hart,
 The Chaîne were longer, and the Letter fhort?
Maria. I! or I would thefe handes might neuer part. 57
Princesse. We are wife girdles, to mocke our Louers fo.
Ros. They are worfe fooles, to purchafe mocking fo.
 That fame *Beroune*, ile torture ere I go! 60
 O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke!
 How I would make him fawne, and begge, and feeke, 62
 And wayte the feafon, and obserue the times,
 And fpend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes. 64
 And fhape his feruice wholly to my deuice,
 And make him proude, to make me proude that iestes!
 So pertaunt like¹ would I oresway his ftate,
 That he fhould be my foole, and I his fate! 68

53, 57. *Maria*] Marg. Q. Mar. F.

¹ pertly, commandingly.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Princesse. None are so furely caught, when they are catcht,
 As Wit turnde Foole ; Follie, in Wifedome hatcht, 70
 Hath Wifedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
 And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole. 72
Rosa. The blood of youth burnes not with fuch exceffe,
 As grauties reuolt to wantonesse. 74
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so frong a note,
 As foolrie in the Wife, when Wit doth dote ; 76
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
 To proue, by Wit, worth in simplicitie. 78

Enter BOYET.

Princesse. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am stabde* with laughter ! Wher's her Grace ?
Princesse. Thy newes, *Boyet* ?
Boy. Prepare, Maddame, prepare !
 ¶ Arme, Wenches, arme ! incounters mounted are, 82
 Against your Peace ! Loue doth approach, difguyfd,
 Arméd in argumentes ; you'll be furprifd : 84
 Muster your Wits ! ftande in your owne defence,
 Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence ! 86
Princesse. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid* ! What are they,
 That charge their breath againft vs ? Say, scout, fay ! 88
Boy. Vnder the cool fhade of a Siccamore, †
 I thought to clofe mine eyes fome halfe an houre ; 90
 When lo ! (to interrupt my purpofed reft,)
 Toward that fhade I might beholde adreff, 92
 The King and his companions : warely
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by, 94
 And ouer-heard, ‡ what you fhall ouer-heare :
 That, by and by, difguyfd they § will be heere. 96
 Their Heralde is a prettie knauifh Page,
 That well by hart hath cond his embaffage : 98
 Aétion and accent did they teach him there :
 ' Thus muft thou fpeake, ' and ' thus thy body heare ' : 100
 And euer and anon they made a doubt,
 Prefence maiefticall would put him out ; 102

74. *wantonesse*] F2. wantons be | †89. *Siccamore*] F. Siccamone Q.
 Q. F. | ‡95. *heard*] F. hard Q.
 *80. *stabde*] stab'd F. stable Q. | §96. *they*] F. thy Q.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

' For, (quoth the King,) ' an Angell shalt thou see;
 Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.' 104
 The Boy replyde, ' An Angell is not euill;
 I should haue feard her had shee been a deuill.' 106
 With that, all laught, and clapt him on the shoulder,
 Making the bolde wagg, by their prayfes, bolder. 108
 One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and swore
 ' A better speach was neuer spoke before.' 110
 Another, with his fynger and his thume,
 Cried ' *Via!* we will doo't, come what wil come; ' 112
 The thirde, he caperd; and cryed, ' All goes well; '
 The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell: 114
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zelous laughter, so profound,* 116
 That in this, spleene ridiculous appeares,
 To checke their follie, pashions solembe teares. 118
Princesse. But what, but what? come they to visite vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appariled thus, 120
 Like *Muscouites*, or *Ruffians*, as I gesse.
 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and daunce;
 And euery one, his Loue-feat, will aduance 123
 Vnto his feuerall Mistres, which they'le know
 By Fauours feuerall, which they did bestow. 125
Princesse. And will they so? the Gallants shalbe taskt:
 For, Ladies, we will euery one be makft; 127
 And not a man of them shal haue the grace,
 Despight of fute, to see a Ladies face. 129
 ¶ Holde, *Rosaline!* this Fauour thou shalt weare,
 And then the King will court thee for his Deare: 131
 Holde, take thou this, my sweete, and giue mee thine;
 So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*. 133
 ¶ [to **MARIA** and **KATHERIN**] And change you Fauours too†!
 so shall your Loues
 Woo contrarie, deceyued by these remoues. 135
Rosa. Come on, then! weare the Fauours most in fight!
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Princesse. The effect of my intent is, to crosse theirs:
 They do it but in mockerie merement; 139

* 116. *profound*] F. profund Q.

† 134. *too*] F. two Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

And mocke for mocke, is onely my intent. 140
 Their feuerall counsailes, they vnboosome shall
 To Loues miftooke, and so be mockt withall, 142
 Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
 With Visages displayde, to talke and greete. 144

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs toot ?

Princesse. No, to the death ! we will not moue a foot ; 146
 Nor to their pend speach render we no grace ;
 But while tis spoke, each turne away her face. 148

Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speakers hart,
 And quite diuorce his memorie from his part. 150

Princesse. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt,
 The rest will nere come in, if he be out. 152
 Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne ;
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne. 154
 So shall we stay, mocking entended game,
 And they, wel mockt, depart away with shame. 156

[*Sound Trompet within.*

Boy. The Trompet foundes ; be maskt ! the maskers come !
[*The Ladyes mask.*

Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy (or Page, MOTH) with a speach, and the rest of the Lordes (the KING, BEROWNE, LONGAVILL & DUMAINE,) disguised as Russians, and vizarded.¹

Page, Moth. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth !
 (*Boyet.* [*aside*] Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.)

Page. A holy parcell of the fayrest dames 160
[*The Ladyes turne their backs to him.*

That euer turnd their—backs—to mortall viewes.

(*Berow.* [*Aside to MOTH*] Their eyes, villaine ! their eyes !)

Pag. That euer* turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out . . . 164
 (*Boyet.* True ! 'out' in deede.)

Pag. Out of your favours, heavenly spirites, vouchsafe
 Not to beholde . . .

148. her] F2. his Q, F.

¹ See l. 272, 386, 405.

152. nerz] ne're F2. ere Q, F.

159. Boyet] Theobald. Berow.

Q. Ber. F.

160-1. *The Ladyes*] Q, F, after

161.

*163. euer] F. euen Q.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

- (*Berow*. 'Once' to beholde, rogue!)
- Page*. Once to beholde with your *Sunne-beamèd eyes*, 169
 — *With your Sunne beamèd eyes*, . . .
- Boyet*. They will not answer to that *Epythat* ;
 You were best call it 'Daughter-beamèd eyes.'
- Pag*. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
- Ber*. Is this your perfectnes? begon, you rogue! 174
 [Exit **MOTH**.]
- Rosal*. [to **BOYET**] What would these strangers*? Know
 their mindes, *Boyet*!
- If they do speake our language, tis our will
 That some plaine man recount their purposos. 177
 Know what they would!
- Boyet*. What would you with the *Princesse*?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
- Rosa*. What would they, say they? 180
Boy. 'Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.'
Rosa. Why, that they haue; and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies 'you haue it, and you may be gon.'
King. Say to her, 'we haue meafurd many miles, 184
 To tread a Measure with her on this grasse.'
Boy. They say that 'they haue meafurd many a mile,
 To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.'
Rosa. It is not so. Aske them 'how manie inches 188
 Is in one mile?' If they haue 'meafured manie,'
 The measure then of one, is easlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meafurde miles,
 And manie miles, the *Princesse* bids you tell, 192
 'How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?'
- Berow*. Tell her we measure them by weerie steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe.
Rosa. How manie 'weerie steps,
 Of manie weerie miles you haue ore-gone, 196
 Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you;
 Our duetie is so rich, so infinite,
 That we may do it still without accompt. 200

*175. *strangers*] F. *stranges* Q. | cess: see Chaucer's *Envoy* to his
 178. *Princesse*] F4. *Princes* Q. | *Venus*, if his).
 F (an old way of spelling Prin-

A pleafant conceited Comedie :

Vouchsafe to fhew the funfhine of your face, 201
 That we (like fauages) may worfhip it.
Rofa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Bleffed are cloudes, to do as fuch cloudes do! 204
 Vouchsafe, bright Moone, and thefe thy Starrs, to fhine,
 (Thofe cloudes remooued,) vpon our waterie eyne! 206
Rofa. O vaine petitioner! begg a greater matter!
 Thou now requestft but Moonefhine in the water. 208
King. Then, in our meafure, do but vouchsafe one change.
 Thou bidft me begge: this begging is not ftrange. 210
Rofa. ¶ Play, Mufique, then! [*Mufique plays*] ¶ Nay, you
 muft do it foone!
 Not yet! no daunce! Thus change I, like the Moone! 212
King. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus efranged?
Ro. You tooke the moone at ful; but now thee's changed.
King. Yet ftill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man. 215
 The mufique playes: vouchsafe ſome motion to it!
Rofa. Our eares vouchsafe it.
King. But your legges ſhould do it. 217
Rofa. Since you are frangers, and come here by chance,
 Weele not be nice: take handes! we will not daunce? 219
King. Why take we handes, then?
Rofa. Onely to part friendes.
 Curtſie, ſweete hartes! and fo the Meafure endes. 221
King. More meafure of this meafure*! be not nice!
Rofa. We can affoord no more at ſuch a price. 223
King. Priſe you your felues! What buyes your company?
Rofa. Your abſence onely.
King. That can neuer be! 225
Rofa. Then cannot † we be bought: and fo, adue! [*Curtſies.*
 Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you! 227
King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.
Rofa. In priuat, then.
King. I am beſt pleaſd with that. 229
 [*They walk away, chatting.*
Berow. White handed Miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee!

208. *requestſt*] Theobald. re-
 quests Q, F (s is often uzed for st).
 217. *Rosa*] Q, F put *Rosa* to 216.

*222. *measure*] F. measue Q.
 †226. *cannot*] F. cennot Q.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Princesse. Honie, and Milke, and Suger : there is three !

Ber. Nay then, two treyes ! an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey ; (well runne, dice !) 233
There's halfe a dosen fweetes !

Princesse. Seuenth 'fweete,' adue !

Since you can cogg, Ile play no more with you. 235

Ber. One word in secreat !

Princesse. Let it not be fweete !

Bero. Thou green'ft* my gall.

Princesse. 'Gall !' bitter !

Bero. Therefore meete ! 237

[*They walk away, chatting.*]

Duman. Will you vouchsafe, with me to change a word ?

Maria. Name it.

Duma. Faire Ladie ! . . .

Maria. Say you so, 'Faire Lord ? 239

Take that for your 'faire Lady.'

Duma. Pleafe it you,

As much in priuat, & ile bid adieu. 241

[*They walk away, chatting.*]

Katherin. What, was your vizard made without a tongue ?

Long. I know the reafon, (Lady,) why you afke.

Katherin. O for your 'reafon', quickly, fir, I long !

Long. You haue a double tongue within your Maske, 245

And would afforde my fpeachles vizard halfe. 246

Katherin. 'Veale' quoth the Dutch-man : is not 'veale' a Calfe¹ ?

Long. A 'Calfe,' faire Ladie ?

Katherin. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word !

Katherin. No, Ile not be your 'halfe' : 249

Take all, and weane it ! it may proue an Oxe. [mocks !]

Lon. Loke how you butt your felfe in thefe fharpe

Will you gue hornes, chaft Lady ? do not fo !

Katherin. Then die a Calfe, before your 'hornes' do grow.

Long. One word in priuate with you, ere I die. 254

231, &c. *Princesse*] Quee. Q. | 242-255. *Katherin*] Rowe.

Qu. F.

*237. *green'st*] F. greeueft Q.

Maria Q, F.

¹ ? A pun on his Longaville.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Katherin. Bleat softly then! the Butcher heares you crie.
 [They walk away and chat.]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking Wenches, are as keene 256
 As is the Rafor's edge inuifible,

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
 About the fence of fence; fo sensible 259

Seemeth their conference; their conceites haue winges,
 Fleeter then Arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, swifter thinges.

Rofa. Not one word more, my Maides! break off, break off!

Bero. By heauen, all drie-beaten with pure scoffe! 263

King. Farewel, mad Wenches! you haue simple wits.

Princesse. Twentie adieus, my frozen *Muskouits*! 265

[*Exeunt KING, his Lordes, & the Black-moores.*]

¶ Are these the breede of Wits so wondered at? 266

Boye. Tapers they are, with your sweete breaths puffed out.

Rofa. Wel-liking Wits they haue: grosse, grosse! fat, fat!

Princesse. O pouertie in wit, Kingly-poore flout! 269

Will they not (thinke you,) hange them selues to nyght? 270

Or euer, but in vizards, shew their faces.

This pert *Berowne* was out of countenance quite.

Rofa. O, they were all in lamentable cafes! 273

The King was weeping-ripe for a good word. 274

Princesse. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword.

'No poynt' (quoth I): my seruant, straight was mute. 277

Kath. Lord *Longauill* said, 'I came ore his hart: ' 278

And trow you what he calde me?

Princesse. 'Qualme, perhaps*.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Princesse. Goe, sicknes as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute-Caps. 281

But will you heare? the King is my Loue sworne. 282

Princesse. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.

Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine, as sure as barke on tree. 285

Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses, giue eare!

Immediatly they will againe be heere, 287

265—309. *Princesse*] Quee. Q, F. | *279. *perhaps*] F. perhapt Q.
 273. O, they] F2. They Q, F. | (? Qualme = calm, for *came*, 278.)

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

In their owne shapes : for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie. 289

Princesse. Will they returne?

Boy. They will, they will, God knowes!
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes : 291
Therefore change Fauours ; and, when they repaire,
Blow, like sweete Rofes, in this former aire. [ftood.

Princesse. How ' blow ' ? how ' blow ' ? Speake to be vnder-

Boy. Faire Ladies makft, are Rofes in their bud ; 295
Dismakft, (their dammafke sweete commixture showne,)
Are Angels vailing* cloudes, or Rofes blowne. 297

Princesse. Anaunt, perplexitie ! What fhall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wooe ? 299

Rofa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduifde,
Lets mocke them ftill, as well, knowne, as difguifde : 301

Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguifd like *Mufcouites*, in fhapeles geare ; 303

And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their fhallow shoues, and Prologue vildly pende, 305

(And their rough carriage fo rediculous,)
Should be prefented at our Tent to vs. 307

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw ! the gallants are at hand !

Princesse. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runs ore a land ! 309
[*Exeunt the PRINCESSE and her 3 Ladies.*

Re-enter the KING and the rest (BEROWNE, LONGAULL, and DUMAINE).

King. Faire fir, God faue you ! Wher's the Princeffe ?

Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Pleafe it your Maieftie
Commaunde me any feruice to her thither ? 312

King. That she vouchsafes me audience for one word.

Boy. I will ; and fo will she, I know, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit, as Pidgions, Peafe,
And utters it againe when God dooth pleafe. 316

He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares
At Wakes and Waffels, meetings, markets, Faires ; 318

And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,

*297. *vailing* (valing, letting fall)] | 309. *a land* (open space in a
F. varling Q. | forest)] land Q, F.

299. *wooe*] woe Q. wo F.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.	320
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeuē :	
Had he bin <i>Adam</i> , he had tempted <i>Eue</i> .	322
A can carue too*, and lifpe: Why, this is hee	
That kift his hand away in courtifie :	324
This is the Ape of Forme, Mounfier the nice,	
That, when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice	326
In honorable tearmes; nay, he can fing	
A meane moſt meanely; and in huſhering,	328
Mende him who can! the Ladies call him 'ſweete ,	
The ſtaires, as he treades on them, kiſſe his feete :	330
This is the floure that ſmyles on euery one,	
To ſhew his teeth as white as <i>Whalēs</i> bone.	332
And conſciences† that will not die in debt,	
Pay him the due of 'honie-tonged <i>Boyet</i> .'	334
<i>King</i> . A bliſter on his ſweete tongue, with my hart,	
That put <i>Armathoes</i> Page out of his part!	336

Re-enter the Ladies, huſherd by BOYET.

<i>Bero</i> . [<i>ſeeing</i> BOYET] See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou,	
Till this mad-man ſhewed thee? and what art thou now?	
<i>King</i> . All haile, ſweete Madame! and faire time of day!	339
<i>Princesse</i> . 'Faire' in 'all Haile', is foule, as I conceaue.	
<i>King</i> . Conſture my ſpeeches‡ better, if you may.	
<i>Princesse</i> . Then wiſh me better; I will giue you leaue.	342
<i>King</i> . We came to viſite you, and purpoſe now	343
To leade you to our Court: vouchſafe it, then!	
<i>Princesse</i> . This Feelde ſhall holde me; and ſo hold your vow:	
Nor God, nor I, delights in periurd men.	346
<i>King</i> . Rebuke me not, for that which you prouoke:	347
The vertue of your eie, muſt breake my oth. [ſpoke;	
<i>Princesse</i> . You nickname 'vertue'; 'vice' you ſhould haue	
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.	350
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure	351
As the vnſullied Lilly, I proteſt,	

* 323. too] F. to Q. † 333. conſciences] F. conſciences Q. 340, to end. <i>Princesse</i>] Quee. Q.	‡ 341. ſpeeches] F. ſpaches Q. (Conſture or conſter = conſtrue.) 352. vnſullied] F2. vnſallied Q. F.
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[V. ii. 320-352.] 62

called Loues Labor's loft.

A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
 I would not yeelde to be your houfes guesft; 354
 So much I hate, a breaking caufe to be,
 Of heauenly Othes, vowed with integritie. 356
King. O, you haue liu'd in defolation beere, 357
 Vnfeene, vnvisited, much to our shame!
Princesse. Not fo, my Lord; it is not fo, I fweare!
 We haue had pafetimes here, and pleafant game: 360
 A melle of *Ruffians* left vs but of late. 361
King. How, Madame? *Ruffians*?
Princesse. I, in trueth, My Lord!
 Trim gallants, full of Courtfhip and of ftate.
Rofa. Madame, fpeake true! ¶ It is not fo, my Lord! 364
 My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes,)
 In curtefie giues vnderferuing praife. 366
 We foure, in-deede confronted were with foure
 In *Ruffian* habite: heere they ftayed an houre, 368
 And talkt apace; and in that houre (my Lord,)
 They did not bleffe vs with one happie word. 370
 I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
 When they are thirftie, fooles would faine haue drinke. 372
Bero. This ieft is drie to me. Gentle sweete!
 Your wits makes wife things foolifh. When we greete, 374
 With * eies beft feeing, heauens fierie eie,
 By light we loofe light: your capacitie 376
 Is of that nature, that, to your hudge ftore,
 Wife things feeme foolifh, and rich things but poore. 378
Rofa. This proues you 'wife' and 'rich'; for in my eie . . .
Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie. 380
Rofa. But that you take what doth to you belong, .
 It were a fault to fnatch wordes from my tongue. 382
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poffeffe!
Rofa. All the 'foole' mine?
Ber. I cannot giue you leffe. 384
Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what 'Vizard'? why demaund you this?
Rofa. There! then! that Vizard! that fuperfluous cafe,
 That hid the worfe, and fhewed the better face. 388

*375. *With*] F. *With* Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

(*King.* We were defcried! theyle mock vs now dounright!)
 (*Dumain.* Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.) [fad ?
Princesse. Amazde, my Lord? Why lookes your highnes
Rofa. Helpe! holde his browes! heele fwound! why looke
 Sea ficke, I thinke, comming from *Muscouie.* [you pale ?
Bero. Thus poure the Starres downe plagues for periurie!
 Can anie face of brasse hold longer out? 395
 Heere stand I, Ladie! dart thy skill at me!
 Brufe me with scorne, confound me with a flout! 397
 Thruff thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance! 398
 Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit,
 And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,
 Nor neuer more in *Ruffian* habite waite. 401
 O! neuer will I trust to speaches pend, 402
 Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue;
 Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
 Nor woo in rime, like a blind harpers songue. 405
 Taffata phrafes, filken tearmes precise, 406
 Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affectation,
 Figures pedanticall; these fommer flies,
 Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation. 409
 I do forfwear them! and I here protest, 410
 By this white Gloue, (how white the hand, God knowes!)
 Hencefoorth my wooing minde shalbe exprest
 In ruffet yeas, and honest kerfie noes: 413
 And, to begin: Wench, (so God helpe me, law!¹)
 My lone to thee is found, *fance* cracke or flaw. 415
Rofa. Sans '*fans*', I pray you!
Bero. Yet I haue a tricke
 Of the olde rage: beare with me! I am ficke. 417
 Ile leaue it by degrees. Soft, let vs see!
 Write '*Lord haue mercie on vs*' on those three: 419
 [*Points to the KING, DUM., & LONG.*
 They are infected; in their hartes it lyes;
 They haue the Plague, ¶ and caught it of your eyes; 421
 [*Points to the PRINCESSE, KATH. & MAR.*
 ¶ These Lordes are visited; ¶ you are not free,

393. *swound*] F2: but sound Q, tion Q.
 F, means 'swoon.' | ¹ ? the feeblest padding in Sh.
 408. *affectation*] Rowe. *affec-*

called *Loues Labor's loſt.*

- For, the ' Lords tokens ' on you do I ſee. 423
Prinſeſſe. No! they are free, that gaue theſe tokens to vs!
Berow. Our ſtates are forfait: ſeeke not to vndoo vs! 425
Rofa. It is not ſo: for how can this be true,
 That you ſtand forfait, being thoſe that ſue
Bero. Peace! for I will not haue to doe with you. 428
Rofa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. [to KING, DUM., & LONG.] Speake for your ſelues!
 my wit is at an ende. 430
King. Teach vs, ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion,
 Some faire excuſe!
Prinſeſſe. The faireſt is, confeſſion. 432
 Were not you here but euen now, diſguyſde?
King. Madame, I was.
Prinſeſſe. And were you well aduiſde? 434
King. I was, faire Madame.
Prinſeſſe. When you then were heere,
 What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare? 436
King. That more then all the world, I did reſpect her.
Prinſeſſe. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour, no!
Prinſeſſe. Peace, peace! forbear!
 Your Oth once broke, you force not to forſweare. 440
King. Deſpiſe me, when I breake this oth of mine!
Prinſeſſe. I will; and therefore keepe it! ¶ *Rofaline,* 442
 What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your eare?
Rofa. Madame, he ſwore that he did hold me deare 444
 As precious ey-fight, and did value me
 About this Worlde! adding thereto more ouer,
 That he would wed me, or els die my Louer. 447
Prinſeſſe. God giue thee ioy of him! the Noble Lord
 Moſt honourable doth vphold his word. 449
King. What meane you, Madame? by my life, my troth,
 I neuer ſwore this Lady ſuch an oth! 451
Rofal. By heauen, you did! and, to confirme it plaine,
 You gaue me this! [*Shows a Ring*] but take it, ſir, againe!
 [*Gives it back.*]
King. My faith and this, the Prinſeſſe I did giue:
 I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue. 455
 [*Points to PRINCESSES.*]

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

<i>Princesse.</i> Pardon me, fir, this Iewell did she weare;	<i>[Points to Ros.</i>
¶ And Lord <i>Berowne</i> (I thanke him,) is my deare.	457
What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?	
<i>Berow.</i> Neither of either: I remit both twaine.	459
I see the tricke ant! here was a consent,	
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,	461
To dash it lik a Christmas Comedie!	
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some sleight <i>Zanie</i> *,	463
(Some mumble-newes, some trencher-Knight, some <i>Dick</i>	
That smyles his cheeke in yeeres, and knowes the trick	465
To make my Lady laugh, when shees disposed,) Tolde our intentes before: which once disclosed,	467
The Ladies did change Favours; and then wee,	
Folowing the signes, wood but the signe of shee.	469
Now, to our periurie to add more terror,	
We are againe forsworne, in will and error.	471
Much vpon this it is: ¶ [<i>to BOYET</i>] and might not you	
Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?	473
Do not you know my Ladies foote by th' squier,	474
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?	
And stand betweene her backe, fir, and the fier,	
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?	477
You put our Page out! goe! you are aloude!	
Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude.	479
You leere vpon me, do you? ther's an eie	
Woundes like a leaden sword.	
<i>Boyet.</i> Full merrely†	481
Hath this braue <i>manage</i> , this carreere, bin run.	
<i>Bero.</i> Loe, he is tilting straight! Peace! I haue don.	483
<i>Enter Clowne (COSTARD).</i>	
<i>Ber.</i> Welcome, pure wit! thou partst a faire fray.	484
<i>Clow.</i> O Lord, fir, they would know,	
Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?	486

<p>*463. <i>Zanie</i>] F. saine Q. 465. <i>in yeeres</i>==into years, or the wrinkles which come from laughter as well as age. So in <i>Merchant</i>, I. i. 80, Gratiano says 'With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.' [V. ii. 456-486.]</p>	<p>—Aldis Wright. W. J. Rolfe. 472. <i>it is</i>] F2. tis Q, F. †481. <i>merrely</i>] merely Q. mer- rily F. 482. <i>manage</i>] Theobald. nuage Q. manager F.</p>
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called *Loues Labor's loft.*

Ber. What! are there but three?

Clow. No, fir; but it is vara fine,

For enerie one purfents three.

Bero. And three times thrice is nine. 488

Clow. Not fo, fir! vnder correction, fir, I hope it is not fo.
You cannot beg vs, fir; I can affure you, fir, we know what
we know: 490

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir, . . .

Bero. Is not nine? 491

Clow. Vnder correction, fir, we know where-vntill it doth
amount.

Bero. By *Ioue!* I all wayes tooke three threes for nine. 494

Clow. O Lord, fir! it were pittie you should get your
lining by reckning, fir.

Bero. How much is it? 497

Clow. O Lord, fir! the parties themfelues, the actors, fir,
will fhew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I
am (as they* fay,) but to perfeft one man in one poore man,
Pompion the Great, fir. 501

Bero. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
the Great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthy; but I am to ftand for him. 505

Bero. Goe, bid them prepare!

Clow. We wil turne it finely off, fir; we wil take fome
care. [Exit. 507

King. Berowne, they will shame vs: let them not approach!

Bero. We are fhame-prooffe, my Lord: & tis fome policie
To haue one fhew worfe then the Kings and his company.

King. I fay, they fhall not come. 511

Princesse. Nay, my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now!
That fport beft pleafes, that doth leaft † know how: 513

Where zeal ftrikes to content, and the contentes

Dies in the zeale of that which it prefentes. 515

Their forme confounded, makes moft forme in myrth,

When great things labouring, perifh in their byrth. 517

(*Bero.* A right defcription of our fport, my Lord.)

*500. *they*] F. thy Q.

†513. *leaft*] F. best Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Enter Bragart (**ARMADO**).

Brag. Annoynted! I implore so much expence of thy
royal sweete breath, as will utter a brace of wordes. 520

[*Talks apart with the KING.*

(*Princesse.* Doth this man serue God? 521

Bero. Why aske you?

Princesse. A speakes not like a man of God his making.)

Brag. That is al one, my faire, sweete, honie monarch;
for, I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantastical; too
too vaine, too too vaine! but we will put it (as they say) to
Fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most
royall supplement! [Exit. 528

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies:
He presents *Heclor* of Troy; the Swaine, *Pompey* the Great;
the parish Curate, *Alexander*; *Armadoes* Page, *Hercules*; the
Pedant, *Judas Machabeus*: 532

And if these foure Worthies in their first show thrue,
These foure will change habites, and present the other five. 534

Bero. There is five in the first shew.

King. You are deceiuèd; tis not so! 536

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy: 537

Abate throw at *Nouum*, and the whole world againe

Cannot picke out five such, take each one in his vaine. 539

King. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.

Enter (**COSTARD** the Clowne for) **POMPEY**.

Clowne. 'I Pompey am.' . .

Bero. You lie! you are not he! 541

Clow. 'I Pompey am.' . .

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well said, old mocker! I must needes be friendes with
thee. 543

Clow. 'I, Pompey am; Pompey furnamde the Bigge!' . . .

Duma. 'The Great.'

Clow. (It is 'great,' fir;) 'Pompey furnamd the Great.

527. *de la guerra*] Theobald. de- | tional.
laguar Q, F. | 538. *Nouum* = Novem, a well-
533. *foure* for 'five' is inten- | known game at dice.

called *Loues Labor's loft.*

*That oft in felde, with Targ and Shield, did make my foe to sweate;
And traauiling along this coast, I heere am come by chaunce,
And lay my Armes, before the Leggs, of this sweete Lasse of
France.* 549

If your Ladishyp would say 'thankes, Pompey,' I had done.

Princesse. Great 'thankes,' great 'Pompey!' 551

Clo. Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in 'great.'

Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, Pompey prooues the best Worthie. 555

Enter Curate (Sir NATHANIEL) for ALEXANDER.

Curat. *When in the world I liud, I was the worldes commander;
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering
might:*

My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alifander. . . . 558

Boyet. Your Nose faies, 'no, you are not': for it stands too right. [knight. 560

Be. Your nose smels 'no' in this,* most tender smelling *Princesse.* The conqueror is dismaid. Proceed, good

Alifander! [commander. . . .

Curat. *When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes
Boy.* Most true; tis right: you were so, *Alifander!* 563

Bero. Pompey the Great!

Clo. Your seruant, and *Costard.* 565

Bero. Take away the Conquerour! take away *Alifander!*

Clo. O fir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alifander* the Conquerour! [To the Curate] You will be scrupt out of the painted cloth for this! Your Lion, that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax*: He wilbe the ninth Worthie. A 'Conquerour'! and afeard to speake! Run away for shame, *Alifander!* [Exit Curat.] ¶ There, ant shall please you, a foolish mylde man! an honest man, looke you, and soone dasht! He is a marueylous good neighbour, fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alifander*, (alas, you see how tis!) a litle oreparted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other fort. 577

Princesse. Stand aside, good Pompey!

551. *Princesse*] Prin. F2. Lady Q. La. F. *560. *this*] F. his Q.
572. *Exit Curat.*] Q, F, after l. 577.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

Enter Pedant (**HOLOFERNES**) for **IUDAS MACHABEUS**, and the
Boy (**MOTH**) for **HERCULES**.

Appologie.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, 579
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus, that three headed Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a Shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus. 582
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Appologie. 584
¶ [To **MOTH**] Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish!

[Exit Boy.

Ped. Iudas I am, . . . 586

Dum. A 'Iudas'!

Pedan. Not Ifcariot, fir.

Iudas I am, eclipēd Machabeus. . . .

Dum. Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas. 590

Bero. A kissing traytour! How art thou prou'd 'Iudas'?

Peda. Iudas I am. . .

Duma. The more shame for you, Iudas!

Peda. What meane you, fir? 594

Boyet. To make Iudas hang him selfe.

Pedan. Begin, fir! you are my elder.

*Bero. Well folowed! Iudas was hanged on an Elder.**

Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance! 598

Bero. Because thou hast no face.

Pedan. What is this? [Pointing to his face.]

Boyet. A Cytterne head!

Duma. The head of a Bodkin! 602

Bero. A deaths face in a Ring!

Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce seene!†

Boyet. The pummel of Cæsars Fauchion!

Duma. The ¹ carud-bone face on a Flaske! 606

Bero. Saint Georges halfe-cheeke in a Brooch!

Duma. I, and in a Brooch of Lead!

Bero. I, and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer!

And now forward! for we haue put thee in countenance. 610

Peda. You haue put me out of countenance.

*597. *Elder*] F. Flder Q. †604. *seene*] F. scene Q.

¹ 606. *carud* = carvd.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Bero. Falsē! we haue giuen thee faces. 612
Peda. But you haue outfaste them all.
Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an Affe, let him go: 615
 And so adue, sweete *Iude!* Nay, Why dost thou stay?
Duma. For the latter ende of his name. [away!
Bero. For the *Affē* to the *Iude*: giue it him! *Jud-as,*
Pedan. This is not generous! not gentle! not humble! 619
 [Exit.
Boyet. A light for Mounfier *Judas!* it growes darke; he
 may stumble. 620
Princesse. Alas, poore *Machabeus!* how hath he bin bayted!
*Enter** Braggart (*ARMADO*), for *HECTOR*; & *MOTH*.
Ber. Hide thy head, *Achilles!* here comes *Hector* in Armes!
Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now
 be merrie. 624
King. *Hector* was but a *Trojan*, in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Hector*?
King. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timberd.
Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors*. 628
Duman. More Calfe, certaine.
Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.
Bero. This cannot be *Hector*.
Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter; for he makes faces. 632
Braggart. The *Armipotent* Mars, of *Launces the almightie*,
Gaue Hector a gift. . . .
Duma. A 'gift'-Nutmegg. 635
Bero. A Lemmon.
Long. Stucke with Cloues. No! clouen.
Dum. No! clouen.
Brag. Peace!
The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, 637
Gaue Hector a gift, the heir of Illion,
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight, yea,
From morne till night, out of his Pavilion. 640
I am that Flower . . .
Dum. That Mint.

* Enter] F. Eeter Q.

635. gift] Q. gilt F.

[V. ii. 612-641.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

- Long.* That Cullambine. 641
Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill*, raine thy tongue !
Long. I must rather giue it the raine; for it runnes against
Hector.
Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Greyhound. 645
Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten. Sweete
chucks, beat not the bones of the buried ! When he breathed,
he was a man. But I will forward with my deuice. ¶ [*To*
the PRINCESSE.] Sweete royaltie, bestow on me the fence of
hearing ! [*Berowne steps foorth, & whispers to COSTARD.*]
Princesse. Speake, braue *Hector* ! we are much delighted.
Brag. I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper !
Boyet. [*aside*] Loues her by the foote.
Dum. [*aside*] He may not by the yarde. 654
Brag. This *Hector* far surmounted Hanniball . . .
Clow. The partie is gone, Fellow *Hector* ! she is gone ! she
is two months¹ on her way.
Brag. What meanest thou ? 658
Clow. Faith, vulesse you play the honest *Trojan*, the poore
wench is cast away : shee's quicke; the childe bragges in her
bellie already : tis yours ! 661
Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? Thou
shalt die !
Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt, for *Iaquenetta* that is
quicke by him, and bangd for *Pompey* that is dead by him.
Duma. Most rare *Pompey* ! 666
Boyet. Renown'd *Pompey* !
Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey* !
Pompey the hudge ! 669
Dum. *Hector* trembles.
Bero. *Pompey* is moued. More *Ates*, more *Atees* ! Stir
them on ! fir them on ! 672
Duma. *Hector* will challenge him.
Bero. I, if a' haue no more mans blood in his belly then
will* suppe a Flea.
Brag. By the North Pole, I do challenge thee ! 676
Clow. I will not fight with a ' Pole,' like a Northbren man :

¹ Arm. has known Jaq. 1½ days. | *675. will] F. wQ (Devonshire).
672. on ! stir] Rowe. or stir Q, F. | wi (Capell) Cam.

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Ile flash! Ile do it by the Sword! I bepray you, let me borrow my Armes againe! 679

Duma. Rooome for the incensed Worthies!

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt!

Duma. Most resolute *Pompey!* 682

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower! Do you not see *Pompey* is vncafsing for the Combat? What meane you? you will loofe your reputation. 685

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me! I will not combat in my shyrt.

Duma. You may not deny it: *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will. 690

Bero. What reafon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked trueth of it is, I haue no Shirt! I goe Woolward for pennance. 693

Boy. True! and it was inioyned him in *Rome*, for want of Linnen: fince when, Ile be fworne he wore none, but a difh-cloute of *Jaquettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a Fauour. 697

Enter a Mefenger, Mounfier MARCADE.

Marcad. God faue you, Madame!

Princefse. Welcome, *Marcade!*

But that thou interrupt'ft our merriment. 699

Marcad. I am forrie, Madame; for the newes I bring Is heauie in my tongue. The King, your father . . .

Princefse. Dead, for my life!

Marcad. Euen fo! my tale is tolde.

Ber. Worthies, away! the Scæne begins to cloude. 703

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I haue feene the day of wrong through the litle hole of difcretion, and I will right my felfe like a Souldier. [*Exeunt* Worthys.

King. How fares your Maieftie? 707

Princefse. *Boyet*, prepare! I will away to nyght.

King. Madame, Not fo! I do befeech you, ftay!

Princefse. Prepare, I fay! ¶ I thanke you, gracious Lords, For all your faire endeouours; and intreat, 711
Out of a new-fad foule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wifedome. to excufe or hide

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

The liberall oppofition of our fpirites !
 If ouerboldly we haue borne our felues 715
 In the conuerfe of breath, your gentlenes
 Was guiltye of it. [*To King F.*] Farewell, worthy Lord !
 A heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.
 Excufe me fo, comming too fhort of thankes, 719
 For my great fute, fo eafely obtainde.

King. The éxtreame partes of time, extreamply formes
 All caufes to the purpofe of his fpeede ;
 And often, at his very loofe, decides 723
 That which long proceffe could not arbitrate.
 And (though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the fmyling courtiecie of Loue
 The holy fuite which faine it would conuince,) 727
 Yet, fince Loues argument was firft on foote,
 Let not the cloude of Sorrow iuftle it
 From what it purpofed ; fince, to wayle friendes loft,
 Is not by much fo holdfome-profitable, 731
 As to reioyce at friendes but newly found.

Princede. I vnderftand you not : my griefes are double.

Bero. Honeft plaine words, beft pearce the eare of grieffe ;
 And, by thefe badges, vnderftand the King! 735
 For your faire fakes, haue we neglected time,
 Plaide foule play with our othes : your beautie, Ladies,
 Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours
 Euen to the oppoféd ende of our ententes. 739
 And what in vs hath feemed rediculous,
 (As Loue is full of vnbeftitting fraines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine,
 Formd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye, 743
 Full of fraying fapes, of habites and of formes,
 Varying in fubiectes, as the eye doth roule
 To euery varied obiect in his glaunce :
 Which partie-coted prefence of loofe loue 747
 Put on by vs,) if, in your heauenly eyes,

718. *humble* means 'eloquently or ceremoniously grateful, profuse of thanks,' and need not be emended to 'nimble.'

721-4. The last minutes of a negotiation bring things to a point ; and the very last one, like an archer loosing his arrow from the string, often settles a long controversy. (See l. 768.)—Nicholson.

called *Loues Labor's lost*.

Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities,
 Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faultes,
 Suggested vs to make. Therefore, Ladies, 751
 Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
 Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,
 (By being once false,) for euer to be true
 To those that make vs both, (faire Ladies, you!) 755
 And euen that falshood, in it selfe a sinne,
 Thus purifies it selfe, and turns to grace.
Princesse. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue;
 Your Fauours, the* embassadours of Loue; 759
 And in our mayden counsaile, rated them,
 At courtshyp, pleafant iest, and courtecie,
 As bombaft and as lyming to the time;
 But more deuout then this, in our respectes, 763
 Haue we not been; and therefore met your Loues,
 In their owne fashyon, like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters, Madame, shewed much more then iest.
Long. So did our lookes.
Rofa. We did not cote them so. 767
King. Now, at the latest minute of the houre,
 Graunt vs your loues!
Princesse. A time, me thinkes, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
 No, no, my Lord! your Grace is periurde much, 771
 Full of deere guiltines; and therefore this:
 If for my Loue (as there is no such cause,)
 You will do ought; this shall you do for me:
 Your oth I will not trust; but goe with speede 775
 To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
 Remote from all the pleafurs of the world;
 There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
 Haue brought about the annuall reckoning. 779
 If this Austere infociable life,
 Change not your offer made in heate of blood;
 If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
 Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue, 783

*759. *the*] F. not in Q.

763. *this in our*] Hanmer. this our Q. these are our F.

called *Loues Labor's loſt.*

- Long.* Ile ſtay with patience ; but the time is long.
Maria. The liker you ; few taller, are ſo young. 812
Berow. [*to Roſ.*] Studdies my Ladie ? Miſtres, looke on
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye ; [me!
What humble ſuite attendes thy anſwere there !
Impoſe ſome ſeruiſe on me for thy Loue ! 816
Roſa. Oft haue I heard of you, my Lord *Berowne,*
Before I ſaw you : and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you, for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of comparifons and wounding floutes, 820
Which you, on all eſtates* will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your witt. †
To weede this wormewood from your fruitful braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you pleaſe, 824
(Without the which, I am not to be won :)
You ſhall, this tweluemonth terme, from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and fill conuerſe
With growing wretches ; and your taſke ſhall be, 828
With all the fierce endeouour of your wit,
To enforce the painèd impotent to ſmile.
Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death ?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible ! 832
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agonie.
Roſal. Why, thats the way to choake a gibling ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles. 836
A ieſtes proſperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it : then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamours of their owne deare grones, 840
Will heare your idle ſcornes, continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not ; throw away that ſpirit !
And I ſhall finde you emptie of that fault, 844
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Berow. A tweluemonth ? well ! befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a tweluemonth in an Hoſpittall. 847 [my leaue !
Princeſſe. [*to the KING*] I, ſweete my Lord, and ſo I take

*821. *estates*] F. *estetes* Q. †822. *wit*] F. *wi* : Q.

A pleasant conceited Comedie :

King. No, Madame! we will bring you on your way.

Berow. Our wooing doth not end like an olde Play: 850
Iacke hath not *Gill*: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie. 852

King. Come, fir, it wants a tweluemonth an' a day,
And then twill ende.

Berow. That's too long for a Play. 854

Enter Braggart (ARMADO).

Brag. Sweete Maieftie, vouchsafe me! . . .

Princesse. Was not that *Hector*?

Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy*. 857

Brag. I will kisse thy royall finger, and take leaue. I am
a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough
for her sweete loue three yeere. But, most esteemed great-
nes! will you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men
haue compiled, in prayse of the Owle and the Cuckow? It
shoud haue followed in the ende of our shew. 863

King. Call them foorth quickly! we will do so.

Brag. Holla! Approch! 865

Re-enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter; This, *Ver*, the Spring: The one
mayntained by the Owle, th'other by the Cuckow. ¶ *Ver*,*
begin!

The Song.

Spring.

When Dafies pied, and Violets blew, 869

And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,

And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew,

Do paint the Meadows with delight, 872

The Cuckow then, on euerie tree,

Mocks married men; for thus sings hee :

Cuckow! 875

Cuckow, Cuckow! O word of feare,

Vnpleasing to a married eare! 877

*867. *Ver*] F. B. *Ver* Q. 870, 871] Q, F transpose these.

called Loues Labor's loft.

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes, 878
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks,
When Turtles tread, and Rookes, and Dawes ;
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes ; 881
The Cuckow then, on euerie tree,
Mockes married men ; for thus sings he :
 Cuckow ! 884
Cuckow, cuckow ! O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare ! 886

Winter.

When Ifacles hang by the wall, 887
And Dicke the Sheeheard blowes his naile,
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke coms froxen home in paille, 890
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be fowle,*
Then nightly sings the staring Owle, 892
 Tu-whit, to-who !
A merrie note,
While greafie Ione doth keele the pot. 895
When all aloude the winde doth blow, 896
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw,
And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw ; 899
When roasted Crabbs hissè in the bowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle, 901
 Tu-whit, to-who !
A merrie note,
While greafie Ione doth keele the pot. 904

Brag.† The vvordes of *Mercurie*, are harsh after the fonges
of *Apollo*. ¶ You, that way ! we, this way ! ‡ [*Exeunt omnes*.

*891. *fowle*] F. full Q. †905. *Brag.*] F. Q om.
 ‡906. *You . . . omnes*] F ; not in Q.

NOTES.

- p. 4, I. i. 109. *Clymbe ore the house*, &c. F alters this, badly, into 'That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.'
- p. 11, I. ii. 89. *blushing cheekes*. Miss Rochefort-Smith supports the Q F reading, '*blush in cheeks*,' as the pl. *ore* may be canzd by *faulces*.
- p. 15, II. i. 89. *The 3 Ladies maske*. Line 123 seems to require it. None of the 3 Lords know any of the 3 Ladies, tho the Ladies know them. None of the Lords describes his Lady by any feature of her face, tho each hits on the right one for himself. Perhaps only Rosalin maskt.
- p. 23, I. 62-3. *in the male*. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, 'in them all,' adopted by Knight, is ingenious, but needless, as 'male' means 'mail,' budget, pack.
- p. 23, I. 68-9. *salve . . . salvē*. The confusion of the two words arises only in writing and print; it would not exist in speaking.
- p. 35, IV. ii. 118-119. Mr. Daniel points out that this is inconsistent with IV. ii. 83-4. He would read:
"Faq. Ay, sir.
Nath. 'Tis from one Monsieur Biron to one of the strange queen's *ladies*.'"—Notes and Conj. Emendations (1870), p. 26.
 We admit the inconsistency,—a thing not infrequent in Shakspeare,—and think it his.
- p. 37, IV. iii. 20. *He standes a-side*: that is, he goes up some height on the stage. See l. 77, p. 38.
- p. 39, l. 84. *not! corporall*. Theobald's *but corporal* is the best emendation.
- p. 39, l. 104. *can=gan* (began to), 'did,' as so often in early poetry.
- p. 40, l. 115. *for whom Ioue*. If any reader can't take the emphatic syllable *Fove* as a measure, he can read, with Collier, 'whom *great* Jove,' or with Rowe, ed. 2, 'whom ev'n Jove.'
- p. 40, l. 140. *One, 'her haïres . . .'* S. Walker reads ingeniously *One's 'haïres . . .'*
- p. 43, note. In *The Comedie of Errors*, the consecutive fours fall from 17 to 13 (the first being emended): see III. ii. 1-56, p. 22-24.
- p. 44, IV. iii. 253. *Schoole of night*. Taking *School* as an anticipation of one of its modern senses—'Who painted that picture?' 'It looks like the *School* of Giotto,'—the word may stand here Warburton's '*angry scowl*!' doesn't suit the quiet 'badge' and 'hue' with which *School* is used. Thirlby's *soul*, Collier's *shads*, Halliwell's *scroll*, *shroud*, don't follow the lead of the letters of *Schoole* enuf.
- p. 48, V. i. 24. *Priscian a little scratcht*. Alluding to the common phrase, '*Diminuis Prisciani caput*,' applied to such as speak false Latin.—Theobald.

Notes.

- p. 51, V. i. 123. *Allons* for *alons*. Mr. Daniel suggests *All's one*.
- p. 53, V. ii. 61. *in by th' weeke*. Caught, and safe in prison.
- p. 53, V. ii. 67. *pertaint like*. Singer reads *potent-like*.
- p. 59, V. ii. 247. *Veale*. Dutch '*Veel, ofte [=or] vele*, Much, Greatly, or Many . . . *te veel*, Too much.' 1660. Hexham, *Dict*.
- p. 60, V. ii. 279. *Qualme*. The pun depends on the *a* of *came* being pronounst *ah*, and the *qu* of *Qualme*, *c*.
- p. 64, V. ii. 414-415, and note 1. *The winges, swifter thinges*, V. ii. 260-1, is almost as bad as this *law! flaw*.
- p. 65, l. 448. '*God giue thee ioy*.' This was a marriage blessing: see *Tell Troth* (N. Sh. Soc.), p. 90, l. 10 from foot: 'till the parish priest hath saide *God giue ye ioye*, and the brides bed hath borne it first nights waiggte.'
- p. 66, l. 478. *you are aloude*: allowd as a licenst fool. 'There is no slander in an allowd fool.' *Tw. N.*, I. v. 101.—Warburton.
- p. 67, l. 490. *you cannot beg vs*, as a lunatic, and get the profits of the wardship of us and our property.
- p. 70, V. ii. 588. Holofernes' 'Not Iscariot' is a quotation from *St. John* xiv. 22: 'Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot,' &c.
- p. 71, V. ii. 618. *Asse to the Iude . . . Iud-as*.
An ass was given to a rapacious governor, named Jude. Jude asked the meaning of the gift, and the donor thus answered:

'For a present
I bryng maister Iude (quoth he) this as hyther,
To ioygne maister Iude and this as together.
Whiche two ioygned in one, this is brought to pas,
I maie byd you good euen maister Iudas.
Macabe or Iscariot thou knaue (quoth he?)
Whom it please your mastership, him let it be.'

Of an yll governour called Iude. 11. The fyrste hundred
of Epigrammes. Heywood's *Proverbs and Epigrams*,
1562, Spenser Soc. ed., p. 92.—W. G. S.

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